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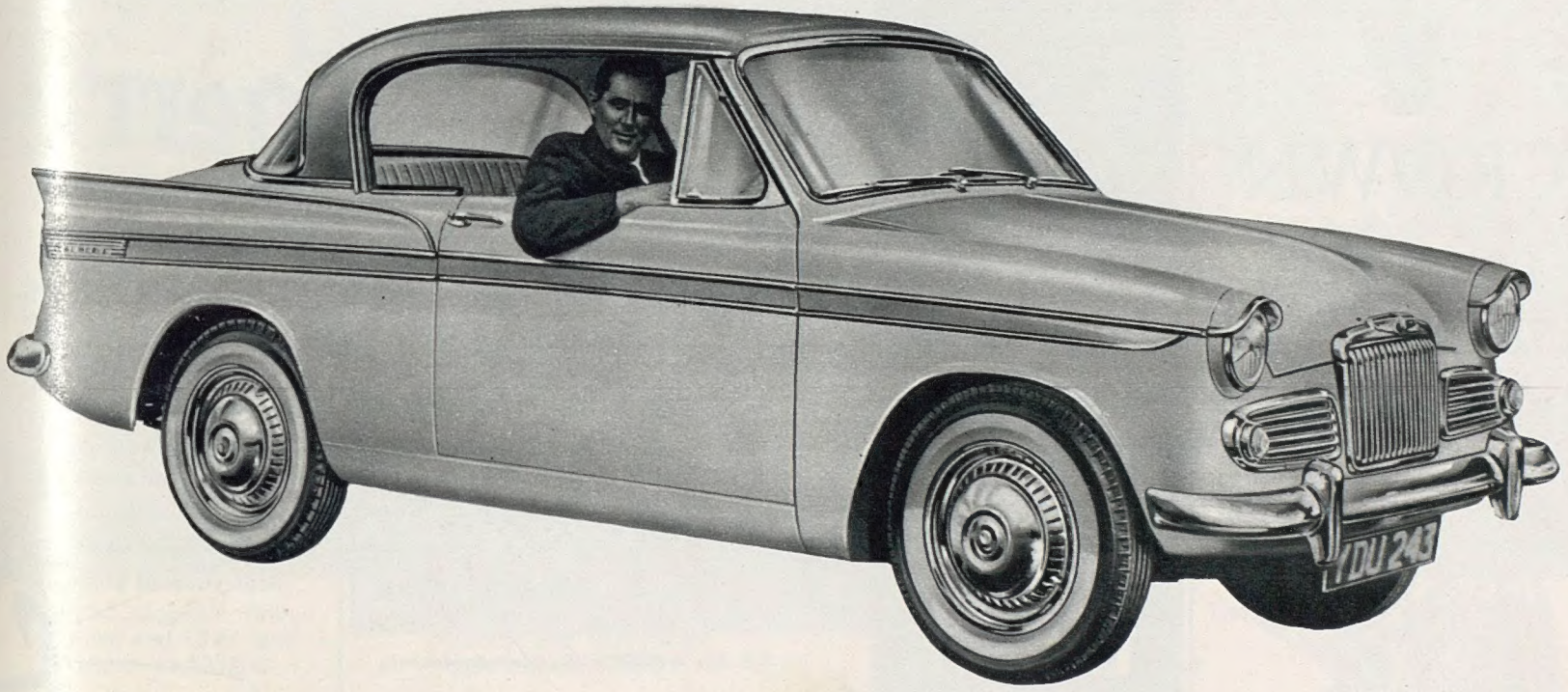

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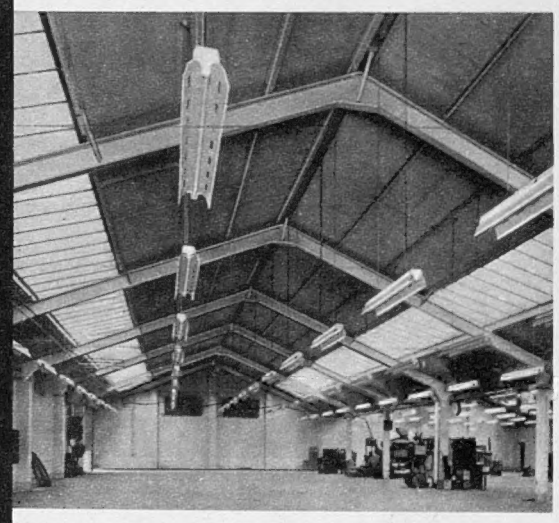

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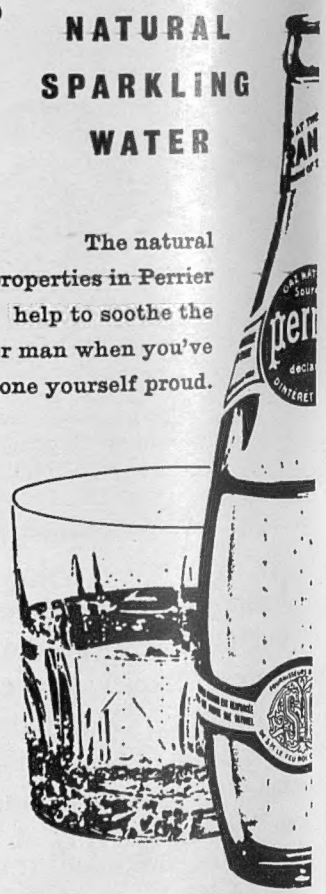

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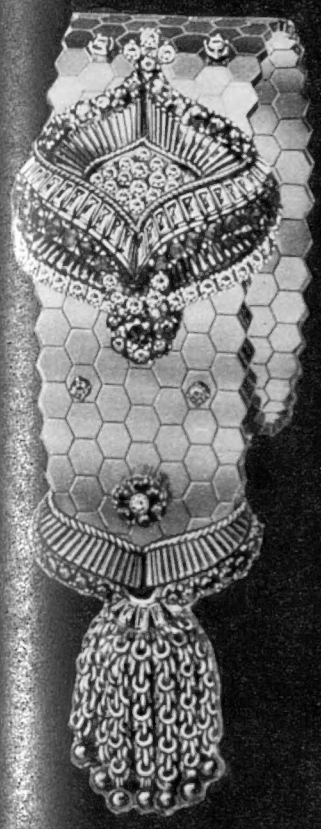

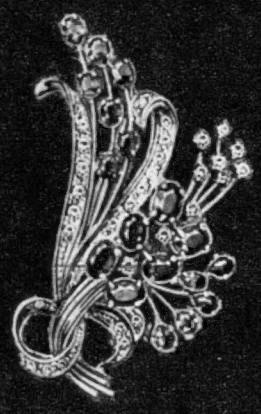

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Volume CCXLIII No. 3159

THE SPHERE

LONDON, December 17, 1960

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BELGIUM'S ROYAL MARRIAGE

King Baudouin and Dona Fabiola, of Spain, were married on Thursday, December 15. She is the daughter of the late Don Gonzalo de Mora y Fernandez, Conde de Mora and Marques de Casa Riera, and of Dona Bianca d'Aragon. In this photograph the Royal couple are in the grounds of the Royal Belgian castle at Ciergnon, in the Ardennes, where the announcement of the King of the Belgians' engagement was made in September. Representing Queen Elizabeth at the wedding in Brussels was Princess Margaret, accompanied by her husband, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones. The marriage consisted of a civil ceremony at the King's Palace and a Roman Catholic ceremony in St. Gudule and St. Michel Cathedral. A car with a special transparent plastic top was designed so that the crowds thronging the streets of the Belgian capital could see King Baudouin and his bride. Three heads of State who were attending the wedding were Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, and King Olav of Norway

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NEWS SUMMARY

The increasing birth rate; a tough Communist policy; Left and Right in Laos; Indonesian claims on New Guinea; an atomic reactor for the United Arab Republic

INTERNATIONAL

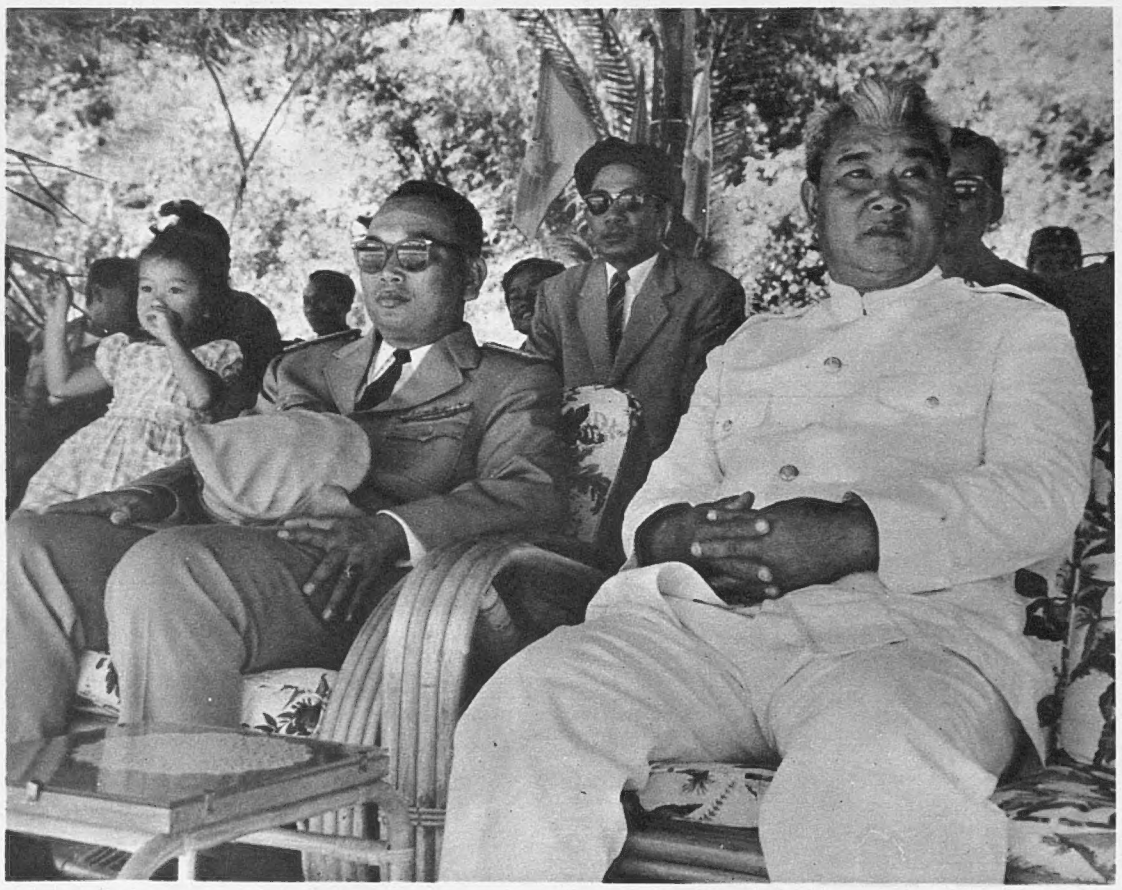
A private research group in **Washington** has estimated that the population of the world will pass the 3,000,000,000 mark during the coming year.

In **New York** the Security Council was meeting early this week in an attempt to solve the most serious threat to date to U.N. operations in the Congo. The U.A.R., Yugoslavia and Indonesia had all announced they were withdrawing their military units from Congo. Ceylon, having made a similar announcement, was understood to be having second thoughts as a result of an urgent appeal from President Nkrumah of Ghana. The General Assembly of the U.N. was to debate its date of adjournment. This was expected to be December 20, with resumption on March 7 next.

In **Geneva** the Three-Power Conference (Britain, the U.S.A. and Russia) on the suspension of nuclear tests adjourned after its 273rd meeting until February. This conference has been meeting since October 1958 and is the only series of disarmament talks in recent years to have an uninterrupted history. (The Russians walked out of the Ten-Power disarmament conference last summer.)

FAR EAST

In Laos last week, events moved towards a crisis after months of indecisive military and political activity. The troops of the Right-wing Royalist General Phoumi Nosavan closed in on the administrative capital,



Right wing Laotian leaders, General Phoumi Nosavan (left) and Prince Boun Oum, watch a military parade in Savannakhet

The Nato Council was due to meet in **Paris** yesterday (December 16). It was understood that among the subjects for discussion would be the West's reaction to the Communist communiqué from **Moscow**.

This document of some 18,000 words was the result of the conference of Communist parties in the Soviet capital. Its tough anti-Western tone was especially aggressive towards " American imperialism—the main bastion of world reaction." This was taken to mean that the Communists would start a new and intensified drive to gain support from the new Afro-Asian States. Communist policy was laid down as one of " peaceful co-existence "—that is, to attempt to ruin the West economically. The communiqué contained many expressions of solidarity among the various Communist parties. The Yugoslav Communists were the exception.

No representatives from Belgrade attended. Yugoslavia was roundly condemned for " international opportunism." Two days later the Belgrade newspaper *Borba* issued a strong counter-attack, accusing Moscow of " rudely interfering in the internal matters of Yugoslavia."

Vientiane. Prince Souvanna Phouma, who as Prime Minister had tried to reconcile the irreconcilable Left and Right, fled with most of his Cabinet to Phnom Penh, capital of Cambodia. Defence of Vientiane was left in the hands of 1,000 parachute troops under Captain Kong Lae and 1,000 soldiers under General Sounthoune Patthamavong. Forces of the Communist Pathet Lao were reported to be on the outskirts of the city on the north. Thus Prince Souvanna Phouma appeared to have left the stage for the two bitter opponents in Laos to fight it out.

The four remaining Ministers of the Prime Minister's Cabinet assumed power in Vientiane with the support of the military leaders in the city. They were led by Quinim Pholsena, reportedly pro-Communist, who was Minister of Information. It was believed, however, that two-thirds of the members of Parliament supported General Phoumi Nosavan and would be able to vote into power a new Right-Wing Government.

In **Jakarta,** the capital of Indonesia, President Sukarno declared that the territory of Dutch West New Guinea would become part of Indonesia within a year. (The part of the island of New Guinea under dispute is called by Indonesia West Irian.) For eleven years it has been the subject of tension between Jakarta and The Hague. Recently, Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Malayan Premier, was in The Hague in attempts to find a compromise solution favourable to both sides. But he met with little success. The Dutch were ready to accept a U.N. trusteeship committee in the territory, provided it did not affect the interim colonial government, while the inhabitants were prepared to decide whether they wanted to stay Dutch, join Indonesia, or become independent. Dr. Subandrio, the Indonesian Foreign Minister, has frequently made the point that for Indonesia there is only one starting-point for discussion: that West Irian is Indonesian.

A number of incidents have been reported on the shores of the area and on neighbouring islands. There are about 17,000 Indonesians in the territory under dispute, which is nearly as large as Spain. The rest of New Guinea, the territories known as Australian New Guinea and Papua, are under U.N. trusteeship administered from Canberra.

UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC

West Germany is to build an atomic reactor in the U.A.R. This was announced in **Cairo** last Sunday by Kamal Hussein, the U.A.R. Minister of Education, on his return from a visit to Bonn. He said two other agreements had also been signed with West Germany. One is for the construction of a technical college in Cairo and the other for the exchange of professors and students. It was understood that negotiations were to be started between the two countries for an agreement on economic and technical aid.

CUBA

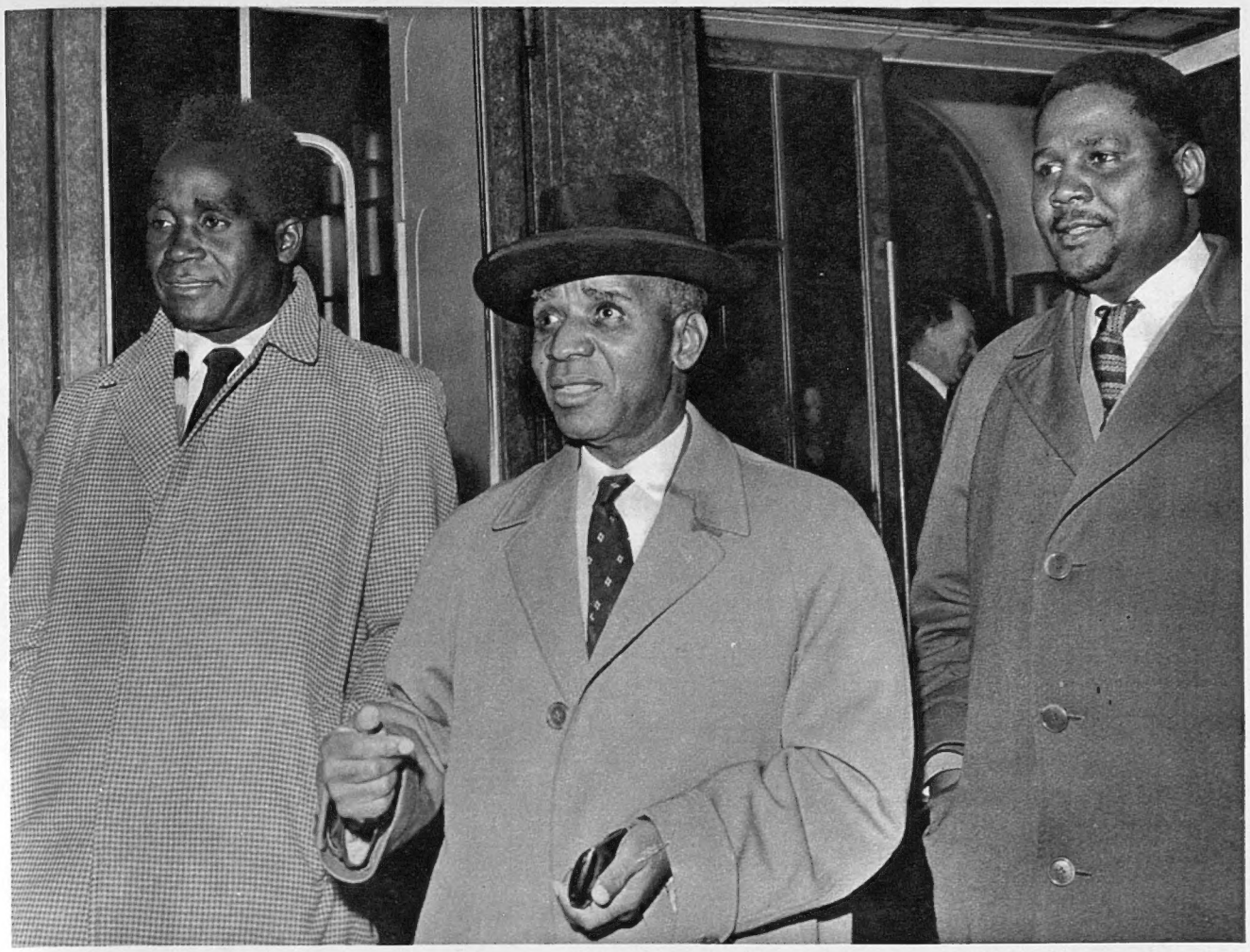
At **Santa Clara,** in the Las Villas province, six people were executed by firing squads last week-end. Two were charged with killing Dr. Castro's physician, Major Fajardo, who died during an exchange between militia and arms-runners. The four others were sentenced for trying to seize a Cubana Airlines aircraft in mid-air and take it to the U.S. There were a number of other incidents involving counter-revolutionaries in Cuba last week.

In **Havana,** over 1,000 members of the Cuban Electrical Workers' Union marched on the Presidential palace in an anti-Communist demonstration, the first in the capital for a year. The cause of the demonstration was reported to be inter-union rivalry.

A ten-man trade mission from Cuba, led by Dr. Boti, the Minister of Economics, arrived in Canada for trade negotiations. Dr. Boti said Cuba was prepared to spend over £50,000,000 in Canada in 1961.

GREECE

Greece is still hoping to join the Common Market (France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg) at the beginning of next year. In an appeal to the Prime Ministers of the Common Market countries, Mr. Karamanlis, the Greek Premier, stated last week that nearly a quarter of Greek exports are being taken by the Communist countries and that the Greek economy will be seriously endangered unless some arrangement is made with the West at once.



AFRICAN NATIONALIST LEADERS—MR. KAUNDA, DR. BANDA AND MR. NKOMO

SIR ROY WELENSKY AND MR. CALDICOTT

MR. STUMBLES, SIR EDGAR WHITEHEAD AND MR. ABRAHAMSON

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

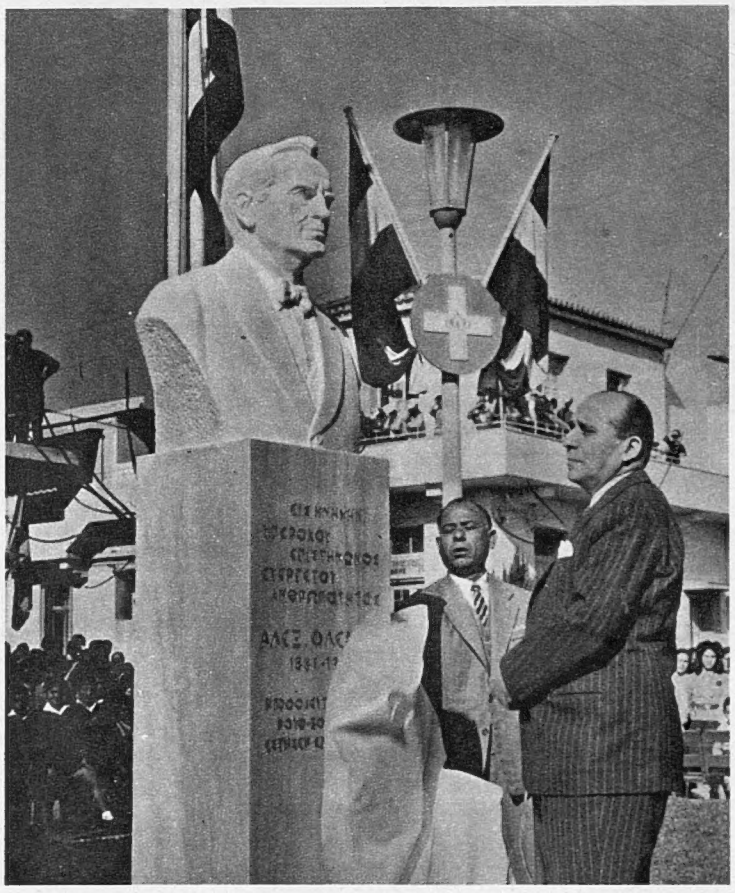
The conference reviewing the Constitution of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland entered its second phase last Monday at Lancaster House in London. Two subsidiary conferences started, one discussing constitutional changes for Northern Rhodesia, and the other constitutional changes for Southern Rhodesia. These two territorial conferences were agreed upon by the British Government under threat of boycott by the African nationalist leaders. The first week of the main conference was largely taken up with prepared speeches by the delegates. Most important of these were the three African nationalist leaders—Dr. Banda of the Nyasaland Malawi Congress Party; Mr. Kaunda of the United National Independent Party of Northern Rhodesia; and Mr. Nkomo of the National Democratic Party of Southern Rhodesia; and the two white leaders, Sir Roy Welensky, the Federal Premier, with in his delegation, Mr. Caldicott, his Minister of Economics; and Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Southern Rhodesian Premier, with, in his delegation, Mr. Stumbles, his Minister of Roads and Lands, and Mr. Abrahamson, his Minister of Labour. The leaders were present at a house-party at Chequers over the weekend, as were the two Central African opposition leaders, Mr. Winston Field and Mr. W. J. Harper. It was a considerable triumph for Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Sandys and Mr. Macleod to bring them together for a social occasion of this nature. Previous to the house-party, Dr. Banda had left the conference in mid-session declaring that Sir Edgar Whitehead had been talking "nonsense." But his colleagues, Mr. Kaunda and Mr. Nkomo, remained in their seats. Dr. Banda decided over the weekend to return to the conference

MR. TSHOMBE GOES ON A VISIT TO BELGIUM

Mr. Tshombe, self-styled President of the separist Katanga state in Congo, waves cheerfully on his arrival at Brussels airport from Elisabethville. He was in Belgium this week for talks with the Government, and to attend the Royal wedding. Meanwhile, in Congo, the situation was growing still more critical. Accusations were made that Mr. Lumumba, former Prime Minister, was being tortured in prison. Colonel Mobutu, the army leader whose troops had arrested Mr. Lumumba, said that his prisoner's condition was "satisfactory." In Orientale Province, Mr. Lumumba's supporters were reported to be setting up a rival regime to the Kasavubu-Mobutu Administration. Difficulties also faced U.N. troops. Mr. Hammarskjold, U.N. Secretary-General, sent orders from New York for U.N. forces to resist all attacks on people threatened with violence

NEW JUMPING ENCLOSURE IN HYDE PARK

Young riders pass through the jumping enclosure in Hyde Park in London after it had been opened by the Minister of Works, Lord John Hope. The enclosure, with eight jumps for adults and three for junior riders, is at the Knightsbridge end of Rotten Row. The course cost £1,350, of which £500 was donated by the firm of W. and A. Gilbey Limited. There is a plaque at the entrance in memory of Sir Walter Gilbey, who was for many years a rider in the Row. First over the jumps on the opening day last week, was David Broome, who won a Bronze Medal for Britain in this year's Olympic Games



Mr. Aggelos Tsoukalas, the Mayor of Athens, unveils a bust of Sir Alexander Fleming, the British discoverer of penicillin, who died in 1955. Erected by the Progressive Union of Rouf-Votankou, the memorial stands in the Eleftheria Square in the Votanikos suburb of the Greek capital. Eleftheria Square has been renamed Fleming Square. The bust is a tribute from the Greek people to "a superb scientist and benefactor of humanity." Among those present at the ceremony was the ex-Rector of Athens University, Professor Mitoussis, a personal friend of Sir Alexander

IN MEMORY OF DUFF COOPER

Far right: Sir Harold Nicolson, an old friend of Viscount Norwich (formerly Sir Duff Cooper), unveils a memorial tablet of grey slate in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral to his memory. Only five words are inscribed on the tablet: "Duff Cooper, Statesman and Writer, 1890-1954." His widow, Lady Diana Cooper, was present at the short service of dedication

Left: GREECE HONOURS SIR A. FLEMING

SURPRISES IN THE ART WORLD

At an afternoon sale of old masters at Sotheby's last week, a portrait of an unknown man by Frans Hals was sold for £182,000. It was put up for auction by Major D. J. Warde-Aldam and bought by Mr. Leonard Koetser, the London dealer, on behalf of a private English collector. The high price for this little-known portrait caused great surprise: its owner expected to get about half as much. In general at the sale, high prices were paid—a total of £423,410. The English artist, Stubbs, continued in great favour. His picture of Baron Roebeck riding made £20,000. It was later revealed that the buyer of the Hals portrait was Major A. E. Allnatt, a London building contractor and businessman. According to Mr. Koetser, the London dealer acting on his behalf, Major Allnatt has also bought several other valuable old masters, including the Rubens *Adoration of the Magi*, which went for £275,000 earlier this year and is now in the National Gallery

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Jet aircraft of the Nationalist Chinese Air Force fly over the National Airport at Manila, in the Philippines, during an air display. Units from six nations participated in a spectacular show. The Chinese Nationalist Air Force is equipped with United States bombers and fighters. Much of its strength was seen recently at another parade—held on the Nationalist stronghold of Formosa. The occasion was a review of his fighting services by the Nationalist President, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. The air force is thought at present to number about 350 aircraft. The army, also equipped by the U.S.A., has probably some 400,000 officers and men. Main naval strength is in frigates, destroyers, landing ships and coastal craft

THE NATIONALIST CHINESE AIR FORCE SHOWS ITS STRENGTH

The defendants listen intently to the evidence being given at the trial in Abdali Barracks, Amman, before a special security tribunal. They were accused of having been implicated in the blowing up of the main Government building in the Jordanian capital, in which Hazza Majali, the Prime Minister, and twelve others were killed. Seven of the sixteen defendants were being tried in their absence: five of the sixteen were on charges of negligence enabling the bomb plot to be carried out. The Public Prosecutor alleged that President Nasser of the U.A.R. and his agents in Cairo and Damascus were responsible for a number of conspiracies against Jordan. Conflicting statements were made at the trial concerning the whereabouts of two messengers, accused of planting the bombs. They were alleged to have escaped into Syria. Witnesses were called to contradict the claim that the messengers had been killed on the border

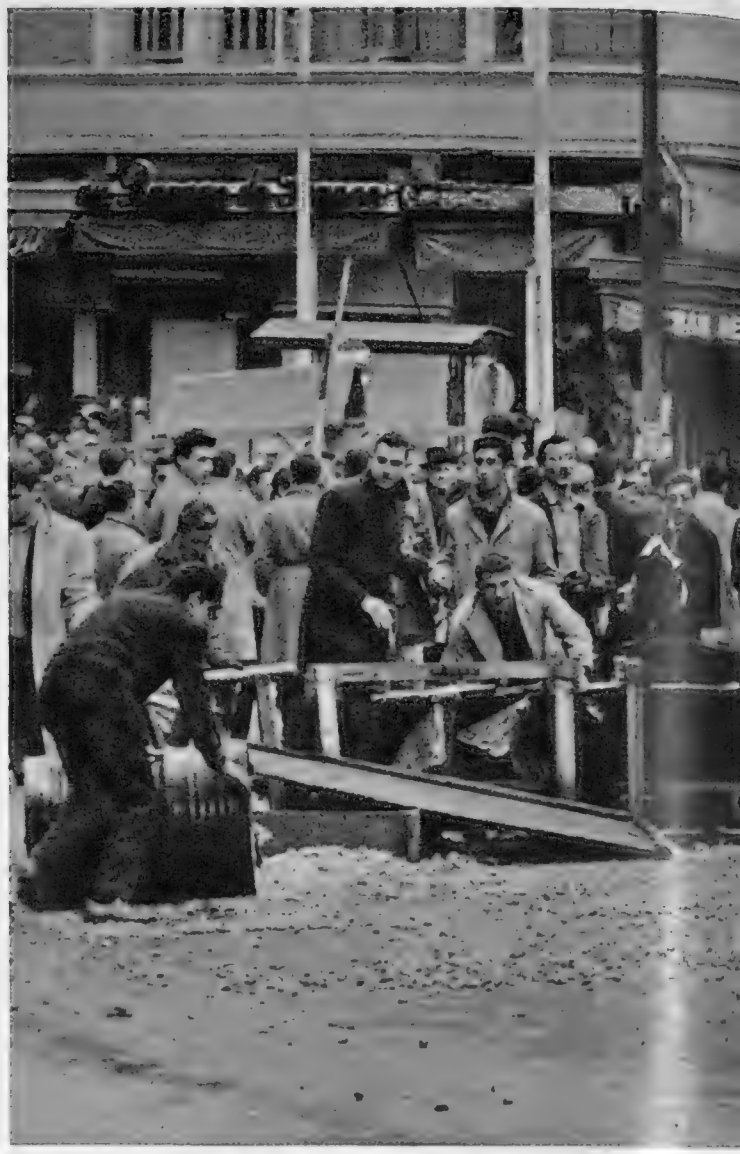
ON TRIAL FOR ALLEGED MURDER AND CONSPIRACY IN AMMAN

DEMONSTRATION IN IRAQ

General Kassem waves from a balcony as he watches part of a vast parade in Bagdad organised to mark the first anniversary of his discharge from hospital after the attempt on his life last year. Over 50,000 people marched through the streets calling for "liberation of the Arab homeland" and demanding a larger share in profits from oil. In a speech the Iraqi Prime Minister reaffirmed the country's policy of neutrality. On October 7, 1959, General Kassem was driving along the main thoroughfare of Bagdad when his car was held up by a traffic jam. Five men fired with machine-guns and threw grenades. The General was wounded. His injuries proved more serious than at first reported and he had to spend several weeks in hospital. Early this year six men were sentenced to death for the attempted murder. Shortly before their execution, General Kassem commuted the sentence to imprisonment

ALGERIAN FERMENT

President de Gaulle mixes with a crowd of Muslims at Cherchel during his tour of Algeria



Students erect barricades in Algiers on the day of President de Gaulle's

Troops at the ready and (below) a policeman goes into action

Steel-helmeted police charge down the Rue Michelet and (right) tear-gas is used in a clash with students

arrival in North Africa

Demonstrators throw rocks and stones at tanks in the Rue Michelet, in Algiers

President de Gaulle's arrival in Algeria for his six-day tour at the end of last week was the signal for outbreaks of violence from both Right-Wing and Left-Wing extremists. On the first day the streets of Algiers and Oran were turned into battlefields with savage clashes between police, supported by troops, and settlers shouting "Algeria is French." At least 100 people were injured and some 400 arrested. The situation became more serious on the next two days when Nationalists came out in strength in these two cities. Bands of Muslims waving National Liberation Front flags and yelling "Ferhat Abbas to power" fought with European settlers and soldiers. The troops fired on the demonstrators on several occasions. The death roll in Algiers and Oran was put at 89 killed and 1,500 injured. Meanwhile President de Gaulle was carrying out his programme of visits to a number of other towns. In many places he showed a complete disregard for his own safety by brushing aside his guards and mixing freely with the crowds. In his speeches his theme was his policy of an "Algerian Algeria." On Monday the situation deteriorated. Reports stated that the President was cutting short his tour and returning to Paris next day.

rioting against President de Gaulle's Algerian Policy

JOHN CONNELL

THE U.N. AND THE CONGO

There have been serious warnings by the Secretary-General and others about the rapidly-deteriorating financial situation of the United Nations Organisation. Its efforts in the Congo have been on a lavish scale, and on the technical side, at any rate, extremely well-intentioned; they have also been very costly. Contributions by member States have been unequal and inadequate. The Congo is as much in need of help, of all sorts and from all sources, as it was in July, and there is no indication that that need—the principle of supplying it having been firmly established—will diminish over the next few years. It is as well to realise that the Congo is only the first of many African States to get into the queue, and at present its requirements are many and clamorous; but soon there will be others in similar or worse trouble.

Ideally, of course, with the withdrawal of colonial authority, there ought to be a period during which power is gradually and smoothly transferred, and during which the departing colonialists ease themselves out and their successors in. U.N. assistance should be limited to supplementing what the former rulers give, and perhaps supplying that which the newly-independent nation will not accept from its former rulers. Various instruments have lately been devised, under the control and supervision of the U.N. itself, to carry out these functions.

Their titles are imposing, their suggested responsibilities heavy and numerous. There is, for example, OPEX (Operational and Executive Personnel), founded in January 1959, whose task it is to supply skilled and specialised officials to occupy positions in the countries which ask for them, for purposes such as development planning, financial and general administration, the organisation of a civil service, and the preparation of training programmes. Before the Congo crisis burst on the U.N., OPEX was regarded as an experimental pilot project; there was no assurance that it would be continued. By May 1960, therefore, it had recruited only twenty-four officers. For the Congo all recruitment has been *ad hoc*, and some of it has been markedly unfortunate. The humiliation and cruelty inflicted on the hapless European community in Stanleyville (to which I shall refer again) occurred in the nominal bailiwick of a U.N. Civil Administrator, a Czech named Mr. Slavomir Brzak.

In Cairo, Egyptians rejoice on hearing that the Belgian-owned Tramways Company was one of the Belgian interests which had been sequestrated in Egypt. The move followed the breaking off of relations between the U.A.R. and the Congo

There are the International Bank and the International Development Association to finance long-term projects, on which there is unlikely to be any return for forty or fifty years. In the General Assembly and the Economic and Social Council there is considerable pressure for the establishment of an apparatus to be called SUNFED—the Special U.N. Fund for Economic Development—which would be under the control and at the disposal of all member States, with (I should have thought) highly disagreeable consequences for those who would contribute much to it but receive nothing from it.

There are also in the field the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa, the Commission for Technical Co-operation in Africa South of the Sahara, and the Foundation for Inter-African Mutual Assistance. And President Tubman of Liberia has proposed the creation of an Organisation for West African Economic Co-operation, and M. Sylvanus Olympio, of Togo, an African version of O.E.E.C. The efficiency, authority and capacity of this proliferation of bodies have, as yet, not been proved. What the United Nations is in reality faced with in the Congo is the breakdown of the whole vast and complex apparatus of a civilised state, and its reversion to chaos, savagery and tribal warfare. This matters a good deal more than a mass of paper planning.

President Kasavubu, his credentials having been accepted as the appropriate representative of his country in the U.N. General Assembly, flew home to face a situation which was (and still is) degenerating fearsomely. The extent of the chaos, and the utter inability—or unwillingness—of the U.N. representatives in the country to deal with it, were nakedly exposed when the story of the happenings in Stanleyville, after Lumumba's escape from house arrest and before his recapture, came to be known. In anticipation of his arrival in the city, and presumably to give him the kind of welcome which he would appreciate, all the European inhabitants were rounded-up, on Sunday, November 27, to be publicly humiliated, at the orders of one of Mr. Lumumba's lieutenants.

Several hundred men, women and children were in the hands of a drunken rabble of soldiers and gendarmes, some for a few hours, some for days. There was, as I have said, a U.N. Civil Administrator in Stanleyville. But he was in a highly nervous state and incidentally was not on speaking terms with the local U.N. military commander, an Ethiopian named Colonel Yohannes Shitta.

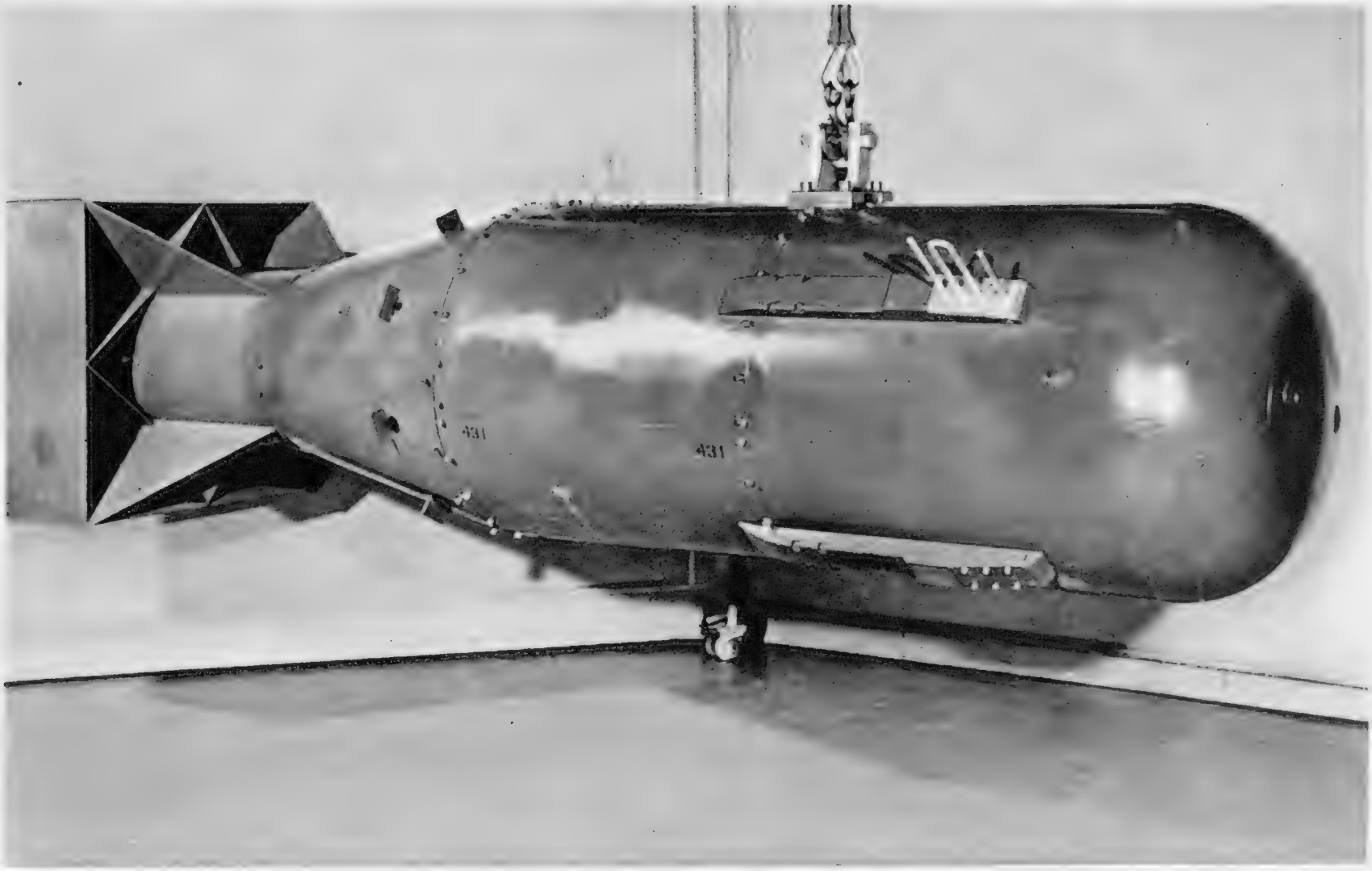
The Colonel's soldiers are members of the Emperor Haile Selassie's bodyguard. They did not intervene to prevent a savage attack on M. Plumeral, formerly Lumumba's *Chef de Cabinet*, who had returned from Belgium at Congolese invitation; an attack in which the base of his spine was severely injured so that he was partially paralysed. They did not intervene to prevent white priests being dragged from the altars of their churches while celebrating Mass. They did not intervene to prevent Europeans, many of them elderly, being made to run 100 yards between lines of soldiers beating them with rifle-butts. At the airport they stood idly by when an Englishwoman, the Second Secretary at our Embassy in Leopoldville, got off an aircraft to be greeted with slaps in the face and an attempt to tear her dress off her.

What is the reason of this impotence in the face of mounting anarchy? It is not cowardice on the part of individual soldiers. It is, I suspect, complete confusion on the part of all senior U.N. officials, civil and military, about what the U.N.'s duties and responsibilities are in the Congolese Republic. The confusion has the pervasive quality of a nightmare. Lumumba, who had frequently taken advantage of it himself for his own purposes, found himself its victim after his recapture. The treatment which he received at the hands of the guards who took him to prison was extremely rough and humiliating. It evoked the strongest protest from the Soviet Union, which has been Lumumba's consistent, if hardly helpful, backer, and finally a demand for an emergency meeting of the Security Council, and other measures against what the Kremlin now calls "the Mobutu gangs of terrorists." The Secretary-General, curiously more receptive to complaints about the maltreatment of Lumumba than he has ever been about complaints of the maltreatment of Belgians and other Europeans, circulated a report to members of the Security Council, giving an account of Lumumba's injuries, which was later hotly denied by Colonel Mobutu.

It is difficult to see any reason or coherence in the U.N.'s course of action in and about the Congo. It even seems at times to be affected by sheer pique, and it remains, as Mr. Tom Stacey remarked some weeks ago, of "stupendous inefficiency."

Never, of course, has the whole Organisation been subjected to a more severe or more protracted test. Never have its weaknesses been so relentlessly revealed. It cannot protect the innocent, it cannot punish the guilty; it cannot keep the peace in the Congo; it cannot restore the framework of a civilised society; it cannot establish law and order. On what pretext, for example, can it ignore the flagrant disregard of every international decency shown by the United Arab Republic in confiscating all Belgian assets under its control, with the explanation that this is a "reprisal" for what has happened to Lumumba—and has happened to him in a country with which Belgium does not even have diplomatic relations? Has U.N. no sanctions which it can exert against the United Arab Republic?

Does not the answer, in large part, anyway, lie in the fact that the assumptions on which, during and after World War II, the U.N. was created are mistaken? Would not the great Powers have done better to concentrate on re-establishing throughout the world the rule of law, under the ægis of the International Court of Justice, rather than establish this cumbrous and complex mixture of a world deliberative assembly and an executive superstructure? Yet with all its gross faults and frailties, we would now, fifteen years later, only make matters worse by abandoning it. It is an imperfect instrument, but at least it is better than none at all.



" Little Boy " (top) and " Fat Boy " are the innocent names by which the most destructive weapons ever to be used in war are known. They were the two atom bombs dropped on Japan on August 6 and 9, 1945—" Little Boy " on Hiroshima and " Fat Boy " on Nagasaki. The number of Japanese people killed in these two cities by the bombs was estimated at about 150,000. The pictures of the bombs were released last week from Washington as " a matter of history." They reveal no military secrets, but have been kept from publication before this in order to avoid stirring up hostile feelings abroad. " Little Boy," which probably used Uranium 235, was 10 ft. long, 28 ins. in diameter, and weighed 9,000 lb. The other, probably using Plutonium and normal charges in an " implosion " system, weighed 10,000 lb. Each bomb, it has been estimated, had an explosive force equal to that of 20,000 tons of TNT

" A MATTER OF HISTORY "

b

Competitors take a jump during the Rhine Army Championship Hunter Trials at Bad Lippspringe, West Germany

At New Scotland Yard, pin table machines are

A London Newsletter

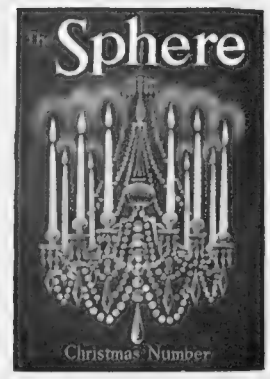
13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

A CENTURY OF PETROL. That admirable little magazine *New Venture* has devoted an article to the centenary of petrol and titled it " Oil—the greatest boon to mankind." The magazine is for boys and most of its readers will agree with its sub-title. It is just a hundred years since the first oil was obtained by drilling, and to-day it is a prime source of power and heat, drives and lubricates almost every wheel that moves and supplies us with a fine variety of sidelines from plastics to weed-killers. " Old men forget," yet a few elderly Englishmen will have not totally black memories of benighted Britain in the days before the oilwells gushed *ad lib.*, when whale oil, wax or kerosene gave a faint light to cold homes and dog-carts plied along dusty roads; and London and York, let alone New York, were considerable distances apart in point of time (save for our native product, coal). Still we remember a certain peace in our darkness, even a sense of security. A century and less ago we were an island guarded from our enemies by the inviolate sea. It was pleasant to drive along our dusty roads between flowering, tree-lined hedgerows. There was no such thing as queueing and stop-and-go except in great cities, and even there the air was fumeless, and pea-soup fogs less deadly. Founded on coal, we kept our head above water in world markets and were quite a rich and important nation. We can't expect the boys, mad about machines, to give a thought to our remembered peace and security or to weigh in the balance the evils which oil brought with it in all the world's oil-bearing lands; greed, jealousy, bitter national hatred. Oil? *Turmoil* is the better name. Plastics are useful things, if weed-killers are not every countryman's fancy. But are they worth much in the scales weighed against our island's loss of its moat, the state of murder on our roads, a despoiled countryside, millions of dead in two world wars, uncountable destruction of buildings and treasure, a world turned upside down by hate and greed? That historic day, August 27, 1859, in Titusville, Pennsylvania, is best commemorated as the beginning of the end of the world's peace and Britain's security and grace, and pre-eminence. For those lost treasures, I would gladly barter my car, my central-heating and my plastic waterproof, useful as they are, and all the machines that ever outran Time and reached to the stars.

LET 'EM ALL COME. In the first ten months of this year 43,000 West Indians came to settle in this country as of right. In the previous year the number was 16,000. The vast majority, of course, were law-abiding citizens of the Commonwealth in search of a livelihood where unemployment was low and welfare benefits generous, and no doubt a majority found work. A minority did not find it and a small minority no doubt were in trouble with the police. Some left these shores again and some, I suppose, eke out existence on public relief. Until last week, so far as I can recall, it had never entered the head of our Government that our island population might one day become unwieldily large. The grand old tradition of Britain that any worthy member of the Commonwealth has a perfect right to live in this island is the last tradition to be sacrificed or compromised. True, there is no reciprocity shown in many of the nations of the Commonwealth. Some of these great countries impose quotas and stiffen up conditions of entry with an eye on available work and other economic matters. These restrictive practices on free immigration to other Commonwealth countries our Government still regards as a bad example which Britain must be slow to follow. Years hence perhaps, if the present rush continues and jobs available decline, a Government might have to toy with the idea of compromising this great tradition. At the moment, no doubt, our railways and hospitals are able to provide and glad to fill jobs which our spoilt citizens do not fancy. But when you consider how large a percentage of our present discomforts is directly due to supporting too large a population in a small compass and to our being totally unable to spread that population more evenly over the ground available, does it not seem strange that no scientific Royal Commission has ever yet been invited to consider a population ceiling and to report on whether, even under present economic conditions, the level of our population has crossed the danger line? I should judge that the last 10,000,000 increase has done more than any other thing to make the task of orderly and

The cover design for this year's Christmas number is by Lucien Lowen. Colour pages include Pauline Baynes' interpretation of the Nativity; William McLaren's illustrations of Royal Christmases since the days of the Normans; Geoffrey Fletcher's Victorian party scene and his water-colours of the sites to-day of old London ballads; Victor Coverley-Price's Roses Old and New; and many other pages, including *Trompe L'Oeils* and Dutch still-lifes. In black and white are further illustrated pages; a short story and articles, including Rear-Admiral Nicholl's historical survey and personal reminiscences of Christmas Day in the Royal Navy.

There is still time to get your copy for Christmas reading, or for a last-minute gift—price 4s. 6d. from newsagents everywhere or direct by post 5s. from The Publisher, The Sphere, Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2.



broken up and burnt. A large number have been seized by the police

The new church in St. George's Way, Stevenage, Hertfordshire. It was dedicated in the presence of the Queen Mother

effective planning and governing of this small island a pretty hopeless proposition.

A PROPERTY-OWNING DEMOCRACY. I observed from the latest Labour Party political broadcast that the Socialists have now stolen that pleasant-sounding slogan: "A property-owning democracy," invented by the Tories. It is fair that they should steal something from the Tories who have stolen so much from them. But it seems to me they have broken-in too late. That particular jewel in the safe has lost most of its market value already and is like to lose more. "Property-owning" has become a luxury far too expensive for our democracy to enjoy. In a year or two the ownership of a very modest little house will be a burden too crippling to endure. How very swiftly hope and optimism soar and collapse! It was only "the other day" that we firmly believed that "Schedule A" was on its deathbed and that the new Chancellor was *absolutely bound* to slash income-tax next April and to raise the surtax incidence by at least £1,000. To-day we know that in two years' time our rates will be up by perhaps a third, and that the Chancellor will be compelled to raise by taxation countless millions more for education, housing, roads, health services, defence projects, etc., so that the hopes of any taxation relief anywhere are a Greek Kalends prospect. And not only will the rating valuations of the property-owning democracy be raised considerably, but the claims on the rate-payers by their local authority in such matters as police, education, and the rest, must be greatly stepped-up. The best bet for our property-owning democracy to-day is quickly to put its little labour-saving house on the market and invest in the shares of a sound company manufacturing small caravans. Or to emigrate before the Dominions declare saturation point. Or to start excavating some of the old caves in which our forefathers lived comparatively cheaply. Let governments, in power or in shadow, promise you the fee simple of a nice little house, but realise what it means to you, and to them. If you know of a better 'ole, go to it p.d.q.

TELEVISION'S PENELOPE'S WEB. Lord James of Rusholme is an impressive debater in the Lords or on TV, and he made a particularly persuasive intervention in the recent Lords debate on TV in Education. He agreed that television in schools was useful and might be extended, but he made the point that its good work was undone each day between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m., when perhaps 4,000,000 children watched television, absorbing in a mixed programme a great deal that was trivial and corrupting, and much that was above their heads. If any session of broadcasting should be reasonably uplifting and educative, it is the family viewing session starting at 6 p.m. Yet triviality preponderates, and (in my view) just as the continual sucking of sweets is rotting the children's teeth, so this continual viewing is damaging their impressionable minds (and, incidentally, their eyesight). It is absurd and futile for the elderly or the better educated to deplore the tastes and fashions of the rising generation, whether in literature, music or any other of the arts. That is to seek to dam Niagara with a lump of putty. But, specifically, when TV as an educative force is under discussion, it is excusable to stress the absurdity of Penelope's method of weaving: stitching all the morning and unpicking in the evening. As an educative force, that method gets TV nowhere, and wisdom, responsibility and a sense of proportion make little progress in the minds of the coming race.

THE CRITICS SAY: . . . "A really marvellous novel," "A born novelist" (John Betjeman), "Only once this fifty years has there been a first night like this . . ." (Graham Greene). Well, on such superlatives as these, would not you hasten to read *The Foxglove Saga*, by young Auberon Waugh? After all, literary critics, and even publishers, are to some extent trustees of the reading public. The Reviewers of our Serious Press are there to direct our attention to what is worth reading in novels and other literary forms, and we are not expected to attribute to them any motives beyond their brief as trustees. Of course, we may differ from their verdicts and not share their tastes. Of course a first novel by a young man deserves encouragement and sympathy, and if he be the son of a famous author, his first flight evokes special interest. So guided, I read *The Foxglove Saga* and it left me sorely puzzled. I puzzled over what may be the modern definition of a novel. I wondered whether it could be that nepotism ever dilutes a literary critic's responsible trusteeship. I wondered if I had been left far behind in the Victorian backwater of literary standards. I wondered whether a small, home-made squib or bomb thrown in anger by a schoolboy into a national library could wreck every shelf devoted to standard fiction. I wondered what the leading Roman Catholic public schools, Army training camps and hospitals generally, would think of this "marvellous novel" and I wondered about Mr. Betjeman and Mr. Greene. In short, I wondered if I stand on my head or my heels. Encouragement for undoubted signs of talent likely to increase with experience or praise for powers of laughter-making is one thing. Adulation-next-idolatry of this kind is clumsy propaganda and unlikely to catch fools (like me) twice. In most men and most institutions there is at least *something* to praise, and I doubt whether 100 per cent. cynicism and iconoclasm can ever produce a novel that survives a decade.

THE OLD STAGER

Ferdinand (left), the Duchess's brother (Eric Porter), explodes in jealousy and anger against his sister before the Cardinal (Max Adrian)

Left: The doctor, right (Tony Church), discusses Ferdinand's violent fit of madness with the Marquis of Pescara (James Bree)

ENTERTAINMENT

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

at the Aldwych Theatre

The spectator, peering intently at Webster's Jacobean tragedy for the first time, is liable to lament with Milton's Samson that all is "dark . . . irrecoverably dark." This strange play, full of tortuous plotting behind rustling curtains, biting whispers of jealousy and corruption, and fiercely-lit scenes of corruption and death, has been chosen as the work to open the London home of the Stratford Memorial Theatre Company. The first night of the exciting venture by Peter Hall, the director of Stratford, was on Thursday, December 15. It is clear that the Aldwych seasons will be no compromise in favour of London's West End theatre audiences: if not Shakespeare, then one of his Jacobean competitors. In a somewhat dull winter season, *The Duchess of Malfi*, directed by Donald McWhinnie, promised to be an important event: the Memorial Theatre and Prince Littler have spent £75,000 on adapting the Aldwych, and there was news of record bookings long before the season opened. Other plays which will be performed include Peter Hall's justly celebrated production of *Twelfth Night*, over Christmas; Giraudoux's *Ondine* and the première of *The Devils*, based by John Whiting on Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun*.

It is fifteen years since the *Duchess of Malfi* was seen in London. Then Peggy Ashcroft played the Duchess and now she is appearing in this exacting role again. She is supported by Derek Godfrey as Antonio, the steward she secretly marries; Eric Porter as Ferdinand her brother, consumed with jealousy for her and her wealth; Max Adrian as the Cardinal, her second brother; and Patrick Wymark as Bosola, ex-galley slave, bitter jester, and the brothers' spy. The play is set in Italy, a Jacobean habit when the dramatist wished to show decadence in high places. It is a pitiless vision of death in a "gloomy world . . . a deep pit of darkness."

Below: The Duchess, centre (Peggy Ashcroft), recoils from the madmen sent to torment her (left) Clifford Rose and (right) Clive Swift. At the duchess's feet is Cariola (Stephanie Bidmead)

The Duchess of Malfi (Peggy Ashcroft)

Julia, the Cardinal's mistress (Sian Phillips), transfers her attentions to the Cardinal's spy, Bosola (Patrick Wymark)

The Duchess declares her love for Antonio before Cariola (right)

Bosola, grimly masked, peers over the shoulder of the tormented Duchess

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

CANADA

The Hon. G. A. Drew, High Commissioner for Canada in the U.K., addressing the first meeting of the Canada Club of Lancashire recently, emphasised the growing trade between Canada and the United Kingdom and the optimistic prospects for the future. Referring to careless comments and inaccurate statements which cause misunderstanding of Canada-U.K. trade, Mr. Drew mentioned a statement by a well-known U.K. manufacturer that " Last year Britain imported £250,000,000 worth more goods from Canada than we exported to Canada." Actually Britain's balance of payments deficit with Canada was approximately 50,000,000 dollars (approximately £18,200,000) in 1959.

Further, Mr. Drew said, " We know that there must be a reasonable balance in trade, and we are anxious to see British exporters seize the very great opportunities which exist to take a larger share of our total imports. . . . But one thing we must remember is that increased sales, either way, are going to depend upon initiative, competitive sales, and hard selling on the part of companies and individuals in each of our countries.

" Exports to Canada have steadily increased. For the first nine months of this year, British exports were 10,000,000 dollars higher than for the corresponding months in 1959. In particular, the export of automobiles to Canada in this period has made a noticeable increase.

" Having seen the remarkable increase in trade both ways during the past few years, I do not think it at all unrealistic to suggest that many who are now at this meeting to-day will see the day when our exports to Britain and your exports to Canada will reach 2,000,000,000 dollars. Obviously, this thought could not be entertained by anyone who believes that the British or the Canadian economy is in an unhealthy condition. . . .

" To anyone who thinks that the Canadian economy is in an ailing condition may I simply give these significant facts. More people are employed to-day in Canada than ever before. The income of our workers is higher than it has ever been. The opportunities for advancement in the years ahead are greater than ever before. Part of the problem of unemployment in Canada to-day is the fact that we have one of the highest birthrates in the world, which in addition to the largest immigration figures since the war, are simply an expression of confidence in Canada's future."

In conclusion, Mr. Drew said, " Let us all consciously build a spirit of goodwill based upon a better knowledge of what our joint efforts can do in the years ahead. If we join hands in days of peace as we did in the days of war, then we can say, not merely with hope, but with the utmost certainty ' The best is yet to be.' "

INDIA

In April 1961, India will embark on her Third Five-Year Plan. This must necessarily be much bigger than the Second Plan. In the Third Plan total investment will be Rs. 102,000,000,000 (£7,650,000,000)—Rs. 62,000,000,000 in public sector and Rs. 40,000,000,000 in the private sector. This investment of Rs. 102,000,000,000 is to be compared with the total investment in both sectors of Rs. 67,500,000,000 in the Second Plan. Thus the Third Plan will require financial resources of a high order. These resources can be divided into: (1) rupee resources; and (2) foreign exchange resources.

The Government and the people are determined to put the necessary effort required to raise the resources. Some selected targets will amplify this statement. Additional or new taxation in the Third Plan will be Rs. 16,500,000,000 as against Rs. 10,000,000,000 in the Second Plan. The increase is quite spectacular. Public loans will be of the order of Rs. 8,500,000,000 in the Third Plan as against Rs. 8,000,000,000 in the Second Plan. In the Third Plan the surplus earnings of government-owned enterprises, including the railways, will contribute Rs. 5,900,000,000, whereas in the Second Plan contribution from this source was only Rs. 1,500,000,000.

India is engaged in right earnest in carrying on a large-scale campaign for the promotion of her exports. These are rising at a reasonable rate and in the Third Plan they are expected to earn foreign exchange of the order of Rs. 34,500,000,000. But the expenditure of foreign exchange to be incurred in the Third Plan on imports of capital goods, industrial raw materials and other essential items is rather high. The higher earnings of exports will fall considerably short of the total requirements of foreign exchange to finance imports in the Third Plan. The gap is to be made good by means of external assistance from friendly countries. It is estimated that in the Third Plan the assistance which India will require from foreign countries will be of the order of Rs. 32,000,000,000. Is the size of foreign assistance for the Third Plan moderate or excessive? This is a very important question which is raised in the discussions of the Draft Third Five-Year Plan both at home and abroad. It is of crucial importance to India because the structure of the Plan depends on the availability of aid.

A correct and impartial answer to this question should be found in the views expressed by independent foreign experts of recognised reputation. Quite recently, an official mission was sent to India by the World Bank to survey the progress made by India in the first two plans and to examine the proposed programmes in the Third Plan. The World Bank Mission has expressed the view that India's Third Five-Year Plan is in accordance with the requirements of her growing population and the

SOUTH AFRICA

The Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Rev. Joost de Blank, is in the centre of the group outside St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town, after the consecration of three new Bishops for the Church of the Province of South Africa. The three new bishops are: an Englishman, the Rev. Harold Beardmore, to be eighth Bishop of St. Helena; an African, the Rev. Canon Alphaeus Hamilton Zulu, to be first Assistant Bishop of St. John's Kaffraria; and an American, the Rev. Robert Herbert Mize, to be Bishop of Damaraland. At the Consecration service the Archbishop was assisted by twenty bishops including three from the Protestant Episcopal Church of America

WEALTH

Trade between Canada and the United Kingdom; five-year plans for India and Pakistan; television for Ghana

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

necessity of hastening the pace of development. It has also said that the plan need not be considered ambitious or excessively big. Before the World Bank Mission visited India, the Bank sponsored the visit to this country of three eminent bankers of international repute for this same purpose. These bankers were Sir Oliver Franks, of Great Britain; Mr. Allan Sproul, of America; and Mr. Hermann J. Abs, of West Germany. In their informal report tendered to the World Bank, they have expressed more or less the same views as expressed by the Mission.

PAKISTAN

In keeping with one of the main objectives of Pakistan's Second Five-Year Plan, a comprehensive programme for increasing agricultural production has been put into operation by the Minister of Agriculture. The programme envisages increased production by means of increasing the area under cultivation as well as improving the yield per acre. The total land area in the country is 233,000,000 acres. About 61,000,000 acres are under cultivation (22,200,000 in East Pakistan and 38,700,000 acres in West Pakistan) and 6,000,000 acres are under forest. The rest is either culturable waste or not available for cultivation. Agriculture yields about 60 per cent. of the total national income and 96 per cent. of the total foreign exchange earnings.

Pakistan is a land of contrasts with heavy rainfall in the East Wing and desert conditions, if unirrigated, in the West Wing. In East Pakistan there is much more water than is needed during the summer months, while there is a dry spell in winter months with the result that winter cultivation is small. In West Pakistan there is insufficient rainfall and irrigation is the mainstay of agriculture. Ever since independence, the Government of Pakistan has taken in hand big irrigation projects, minor irrigation and drainage schemes, improvement in irrigation facilities, installation of percolation wells and tube wells, reclamation of water-logged and saline soils and control of soil erosion by water or wind. There are a number of such projects, some of which, like the Jinnah Barrage and the Ghulam Mohammad Barrage, have been completed, while the others—Guddu Taunsa and Ganges Kobadak, are in various stages of construction. As a result of these projects, it is expected that several hundred thousand acres of additional land will come under cultivation.

While the problems of salinity and waterlogging are being tackled on a national scale by the Water and Power Development Authority, efforts are also being made to increase the per-acre yield by improvement of land through drainage, irrigation, application of more fertilisers, more extensive plant protection measures, better seeds and better methods generally. A number of projects in both the Wings are in hand. One of the devices being employed, for instance, is saturation or area concentration. It involves a careful choice of locations and the application of a balanced combination of the key factors of production to those locations. Keeping this in view the Government have introduced a scheme for intensifying the tempo of agricultural production in seven selected districts of West Pakistan and six sub-divisions of East Pakistan.

The core of the scheme is to educate the farmers in the adoption of improved techniques and to arrange supplies and services practically at the doorstep of the farmer. Each of the selected districts has been divided into sectors, each sector corresponding to a union. In each sector there is one Sector Officer who will be assisted by a Sector Committee consisting of union councillors. Each deputy commissioner has been made responsible for the proper implementation of the scheme and the staff of various departments like Agriculture, National Development Organisation, Co-operative, etc., has been placed under the direct control of a deputy commissioner to help him in the implementation of the scheme. The sector officer has been made responsible to determine the requirements of individual cultivators of his sector of ten to twelve villages.

For increasing per-acre yield, farmers are being educated to adopt six simple agricultural practices, in addition to provision of improved implements, better seeds, fertilisers and free plant protection service: (i) that the land is adequately ploughed; (ii) for this purpose improved implements are used; (iii) sowing is undertaken in lines; (iv) better varieties of seed are sown; (v) water channels are kept clean and in proper state of repairs so that there is no wastage of irrigation water; and (vi) weeding is done regularly and properly.

The Queen Mother shakes hands with Mrs. D. Savitri from India, during a reception given by the Grocers' Company for the Dominions Fellowship Trust at Grocers' Hall, in the City of London. With the Queen Mother is Miss Macdonald of Sleat, the chairman of the Trust. The guests included Rhodes Scholars and Dominion undergraduates

GHANA

Television may not be regarded everywhere as one of the major blessings of this mid-century. It is, nevertheless, as much a part of modern society as the telephone, the radio and the cinema. Ghana has taken steps to have her own television service and a recently-published report shows how she proposes to go about it.

The decision on the desirability for such a service was taken by the Government some time ago. For technical advice on ways and means, Ghana called in foreign experts, as she has done over a great range of development problems during the last decade. In this case, the advisers were two senior executives of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Mr. R. D. Cahoon and Mr. S. R. Kennedy. They spent several weeks in Ghana—as well as Western Nigeria, where a limited television service is already in operation—at the end of which they produced their recommendations. Most of these have now been accepted by the Government.

The main proposal is that a service should be set up with three transmitters which between them would cover most of the central and southern parts of the country. The initial capital cost is expected to be about £648,000, and the annually recurrent cost about £150,000, less whatever can be raised in advertising revenue. The service would be commercial, but advertising would be restricted to spot announcements in the first instance. These would be timed (in a phrase revered by television administrators everywhere) during "natural programme breaks."

Both the report of the Canadian experts and the accompanying White Paper of the Government were at pains to underline the need for programmes to reflect their African nature and to maintain a balance between the entertaining and the educative. A basic schedule recommends three-and-a-half hours a day (6.30 p.m. to 10 p.m.). About half this should be devoted to "live and filmed programmes of Ghanaian interest and content." Moreover, the Government White Paper said services for the schools would form an integral part of the programmes. Consideration was being given to the best way for schools to be provided with receivers. Generators or vibrators would be needed in areas without electricity.

Many of the proposals are concerned with technical considerations, such as effective radiated power, the best form of lines system and a possible microwave service to the north. In dealing with the human element of the service, however, Messrs. Cahoon and Kennedy give an indication of the national vitality which one may expect to see reflected in the country's television service:

"Ghanaians we have talked to in all parts of the country are enthusiastic about the advent of the new medium and we are sure they will respond to it even more eagerly than have the people of other continents. They will welcome it, not only as a great new medium of entertainment, but with a deep appreciation of a greater value as an instrument of information and education, and a means to the better understanding of their fellow men."

HENLEY—UPWARDS NOT OUTWARDS

View looking north in the enclosed central park of the scheme. Left are a terrace block and the tower block of flats

The plan to build a high-density development scheme at Henley aroused fierce controversy. Famous for its regatta, Henley lies on the Thames, a charming country town, with its bridge, church, town hall and numerous public houses. It is surrounded by wooded, low hills. About 400 yards from the town hall is Paradise Road. On 6¾ acres in this area, Townmaker Ltd. proposed first of all to erect a twenty-five storey block of flats, houses, studios and associated garages and/or parking space, and roads. The site is on a wide, sloping ledge overlooking Henley and the Thames Valley. It is practically the last piece of land of substantial area so close to the town centre.

Essentially the scheme was designed to provide homes for "well off, intelligent people" in a coherently designed series of buildings, which would permit a large number of people to live on a comparatively small acreage, while preserving a sense of privacy. That is to say, high density was to be achieved by building upwards rather than outwards. It is necessary to distinguish between urban growth and suburban growth. By building so close to Henley centre, without covering a large acreage as in the by now too familiar housing estate, it is possible to prevent suburban sprawl. This is particularly important in the case of a town like Henley, the charm of which depends on its riverside position, its intimate atmosphere and the sense of enclosure given by the rural surroundings.

The first scheme aimed to achieve these ends by using a tall, slender twenty-five-storey block of flats both to achieve the required density of people per acre and to act as a foil to the other, long, low buildings in the scheme. Oxfordshire County Council turned down the plan on the grounds that the tower block was too high, would be out of scale and character with Henley, and would be most obtrusive. Townmaker Ltd. then reduced the height of the tower block to twelve storeys and were again turned down. Whereupon they appealed against the planning authorities' decision and a local inquiry was held in Henley under an inspector appointed by the Minister of Housing, Mr. Brooke.

Briefly, the argument still concerned the height of the block of flats. The County Council recognised the high standard of design in the proposal, but they considered a tower of more than seven storeys would be out of scale. In outlining the case for Townmaker Ltd., their counsel said the total area would be divided so that the projected buildings would occupy 2·3 acres, roads and paved squares 1·7 acres, and the remaining 2·8 acres approximately would be left as parkland, with existing trees preserved.

During the inquiry, Mr. John Morton, designer of the scheme, commented on the 95-ft. high gasholder in Greys Road—this, he maintained, was as prominent as a twenty-five-storey block of flats would be. He went on to say that the detached houses in the scheme would sell at £7,000 to £9,000 and the terrace houses at £3,500 to £5,000. In all, the scheme would cost not less than £600,000.

The Oxfordshire County Surveyor, Mr. R. A. Blatchford, for the Council, said the number of properties proposed, whether in terraces or multi-storey flats, was too high. He would prefer a small number of well-designed and spaced dwellings of a traditional nature. The intended population of Henley was to be about 10,000, and the Registrar-General estimated the town's population in June 1959, as 8,500. It was reckoned that buildings under construction would accommodate another 1,350 at least, excluding the Paradise Row scheme (to house 500 to 550 people). Thus the Council felt there was no need for a high-density scheme, as proposed by Townmaker Ltd.

After considering the inspector's report, Mr. Brooke, in September of this year, gave consent for the high-density development scheme, which it is hoped will be finished in the summer of 1963. The inspector had recommended a height of less than 70 ft. for the block of flats. But in his letter, the Minister said that he did not altogether agree that a block of flats was objectionable merely because it broke the skyline or that it would necessarily dominate the town. He considered that a block of twelve to fifteen storeys, rather than one of eighteen to twenty-five, would be reasonable. The tower block will be fifteen storeys high, 135 ft.

The Minister's decision is important in that it reflects the Government's desire to develop urban land as much as possible in order to relieve pressure on developing land outside towns. That is to say, in order to meet the still-growing desire in Britain for separate homes, and to meet increases in population, it is preferable to accept higher-than-average densities by building upwards rather than outwards. Tall blocks of flats, used as point blocks on integrated housing schemes form one architecturally acceptable solution to this difficult problem.

From Henley Bridge the road runs to the market

The "vehicles-only" entrance to the scheme from the

t plac., and then towards the Paradise Row development scheme. Consisting of long, low buildings and a block of flats, this has been drawn on the photograph

e existing road. It is crossed by a pedestrian bridge

In the upper square are (left) the wall to the courtyard of the second terrace and (right) the top terrace

As M. S. Palmer, the Oxford scrum-half, passes from an Oxford heel, the Cambridge defence moves up across the field

Under pressure after a line-out, the Oxford scrum-half is forced to kick for touch

THE VARSITY MATCH

In the mud of this season's Rugby matches has been traced the dominant pattern of modern play: it is at forward that the South African Springboks have shown such superiority and it was at forward that Cambridge won last week's Varsity match. To the surprise of the prophets, it was a dry, still afternoon at Twickenham and the favourites won. The Cambridge pack pushed back their opposite numbers in the scrums, commanded the line-outs, and hunted voraciously in the loose. As a result, Oxford's most dangerous players, Sharp at fly-half, and the American, Dawkins, on the wing, had scant opportunities. So keen was the Cambridge defensive covering that their suspected weaknesses in midfield were never apparent. Opportunism and backing-up by the forwards led to all three of Cambridge's scores: all too apparent for Oxford supporters were the values of the quick heel in the loose scrum. Godson, on the wing, scored Cambridge's first, converted by Scotland, and Wade, at centre three-quarter, the other two, one again converted by Scotland. All the scoring took place in the first half.

Protected by his forwards, T. C. Wintle, the Cambridge scrum-half, passes

Over the Cambridge line, J. J. McPartlin, the Oxford centre (right), just fails to score

Although tackled by R. A. W. Sharp, the Oxford fly-half, A. Godson, the Cambridge wing, scores Cambridge's first try. On the ground (right) is K. J. F. Scotland

P. M. Dawkins, the Oxford wing, narrowly escapes a tackle from D. F. B. Wrench.
Below : He is tackled by W. M. Bussey (left). The other player is T. C. Wintle

K. J. F. Scotland, the Cambridge full-back, converts his side's second try

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE SEAWEED EATERS OF SHETLAND

I have seen Shetland described as " islands inhabited by large men, bonny women, and dwarf animals." My acquaintance with the Shetland Isles is, I regret to say, limited to two rather brief visits and I cannot comment upon that statement so far as the men and women are concerned. With regard to the men, I should be inclined to doubt its validity: with regard to the women, I suppose it depends upon what you mean by " bonny." Nowadays, in southern England at any rate, if you hear a teenage girl described as " bonny," you can take it that she is pink and plump. That would certainly not be true of those Shetland women I have seen. The dictionary definition of the word is " comely, healthy-looking " and that would certainly apply. But, in relation to Shetland, it does not go quite far enough.

Small island communities, it seems to me, tend to produce a high percentage of beautiful women, and I remember being struck by the number I saw on each of my visits to Shetland. Not beautiful in the " model girl " sense, which is, after all, largely a matter of careful starvation and still more careful make-up, but beautiful in facial expression. There is a serenity of mien, which is most noticeable to anyone coming from the mainland, where almost everyone over the age of seventeen shows signs of strain.

However, beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder: size does not. There can be no question about the native animals of Shetland. The cattle, the sheep, the sheep-dogs, the horses are small, much smaller than you will find elsewhere. This statement, so far as the cattle are concerned, may well be questioned. It is commonly accepted that the Dexter is the smallest of our native cattle breeds, the Kerry coming a close second. But a Dexter cow weighs about 800 lb.: a true Shetland no more than 5 cwt. I would stress " a true Shetland ": you do not see so many about, even in the islands, nowadays. Where there is plenty of fodder their place has been taken by other breeds or by cross-breds. Only where fodder is less abundant, as in Yell, does the Shetland hold its own.

The modern Shetland cow is not the original cow of the islands. Early accounts refer to " the small black cattle," and make it clear that these were distinct from other breeds and native to Shetland. The modern Shetland looks as though it has Channel Island blood in it, and in many ways, too, resembles the Dutch cattle. The point is that, even if there have been importations of foreign blood, the breed has remained small. This is true also of the Shetland Sheepdog, which is certainly not indigenous, for it has not been known in Shetland for more than 200 years.

In appearance the Shetland Sheepdog is a perfectly symmetrical Collie, standing about 12 ins. high and weighing about 14 lb. There can be no doubt that it is descended from the Scotch Collies brought over by fishermen. The original ones would have been the normal Collie size. The interesting thing is why it should have shrunk in size. I think that one can discount the possibility of deliberate breeding for smallness 200 years ago. Systematic breeding for show and, therefore, for size, did not begin with this breed until about forty years or so ago. And it seems unlikely that food had anything to do with it. I should doubt very much if the sheepdog in Shetland was fed any worse than the Collie on the mainland. So, it would seem that there must be something in the climate or in the soil, something in Shetland, making for smallness. When you consider the indigenous breeds, the sheep and the horses, it seems inescapable that environment must play a big part in this matter of size.

The native sheep—no one knows how long they have been in the islands—are tiny, mottled, creatures, famous for the fineness and softness of their wool. It is true that there is a Shetland Flock Book Society, which specialises in preserving and improving the breed. Despite their efforts Shetland sheep are steadily declining in numbers in the islands; their place being taken by Scotch Blackface and Cheviots, and to a lesser degree by Leicesters and Suffolks; since they will not thrive elsewhere, it would seem that the breed is doomed to ultimate extinction. But the Society was not founded until 1926, so specialised breeding cannot have played any part in the small size.

Shetland Ponies—" small, shaggy and wild "—roam over the barren landscape of their native Isles

Nor can it have done so with the Shetland Pony. " The Shetland Pony stands apart from all others as an original prehistoric type of its own." The words are those of the late Baroness Wentworth. The Shetland Pony has been in the islands as long, and longer, than man. Small, shaggy, wild horses; smaller—the average height is 36 to 38 ins. at the shoulder—than the wild horses to be found anywhere else in the world. Why should these islands alone produce such a tiny horse?

It has been suggested that the small size is due to the severity of the climate. In point of fact, the Shetland climate is not so severe. The winters are not so cold as those of mainland Scotland and northern England—prolonged snow or frost is very rare. Over the whole year there is a smaller range of temperature than elsewhere in Britain. Nor is the rainfall excessive: a yearly average of 38 ins. compares favourably with most parts of Britain. Perhaps it is the wind that stunts growth? But there are as fierce winds in Iceland (and much more severe winters) and the Iceland pony is not a dwarf. Climate can have nothing to do with it. This is obviously so: Shetland Ponies, unlike Shetland Sheep, do well anywhere. And they remain obstinately true to size.

Nor can food be responsible. I have heard it said that the short commons in Shetland in winter must restrict growth. In support of this contention it is pointed out that the wild pony has to rely on seaweed before the spring grass appears. (Seaweed is evidently considered to be a very poor food for horses.) But the Shetland Pony elsewhere in these islands (and in America) certainly does not suffer from lack of food. Many of them are family pets. No, not climate nor food. But, surely there is something about Shetland which restricts the size of the native animals and seems, in time to affect the size of introduced animals, though without affecting their health in any way.

To return to the Shetland Pony and seaweed. I had a remarkable experience recently. I took a Shetland Pony, just two years old, which had been bred in the midlands from generations bred in England, on to a beach with his eight-year-old owner. It was a very well-fed pony and it had never seen a beach before. I should doubt if either of its parents had either. It paddled about in the sea's edge for a few minutes, obviously enjoying the salt water, then pointed almost like a dog and set off for some seaweed lying on the shingle and only recently uncovered by the tide. It ate this with relish. Generations of family pet forgotten: the wild Shetland still only just below the surface.

I do not know why Shetland Ponies are small and stay that way wherever they are. But I do know why they eat seaweed. It is not because there is not sufficient grass. It is because they like the stuff.

Repton's goalkeeper, Anderson, looks back in anguish as Malvern's first goal is scored

Malvern's centre-half, Rocke, beats Basnett, the Repton captain

A mid-field tussle—Malvern's captain, A. G. Theobald, is third from right

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOOTBALL

REPTON
v
MALVERN

The match between Repton and Malvern is always a great occasion for players and spectators alike. For this game Repton were at home, defending a record of being unbeaten in a School match since their defeat by Malvern four years ago. Malvern won again by 4 goals to 3, maintaining their own unbeaten record for this season. From the kick-off the visitors looked likely winners, and only a fine save by C. D. Anderson stopped them scoring in the first few minutes. But, against the run of play, Repton scored first when H. R. A. Stokes headed in a good centre from D. G. Pilch. Malvern recovered quickly, wrong-footed the opposing defence, and equalised. From then until the closing stages Repton rarely had control in mid-field. A. P. Basnett, their captain and centre-forward, was closely marked by D. O. H. Rocke. However, he managed to force his way through to score two goals late in the second half. He was ably backed up by R. G. Gunner, Stokes and Pilch. But Malvern had done the damage before the interval with two more well-taken goals. Their fourth, in the second half, was made easier by a misunderstanding between Anderson and Gunner. It clinched the match for Malvern.

Next week, in this series, will be
Westminster v Charterhouse

M. S. Driver, inside-right for Malvern, shoots as a defender comes across to tackle

Repton clear the ball out of their goal-mouth

J. W. Illaszewicz turns after scoring Malvern's second goal

The watch factory of the firm of Longines lies in rural surroundings at St. Imier, in Switzerland

Cattle browse close to the main entrance of the

WATCHMAKERS OF THE JURA

By **JOHN STEEL**

St. Imier is a small Swiss town of some 6,000 inhabitants lying at an altitude of nearly 3,000 ft. in the foothills of the Jura Mountains near the French border. It is surrounded on all sides by rich Alpine meadows and approached by a branch railway line running through a valley which is a favourite resort for skiers in winter. In past centuries, as old maps show, some of the meadows were known as *Les Longines*. The name was adopted in 1867 for the watch factory opened in St. Imier by M. André Francillon. For many years now Longines watches have had a world-wide reputation.

Unlike the other watchmaking towns of the Jura, such as Grenchen, Bienne or La Chaux de Fonds, no atmosphere of industry pervades St. Imier. There is nothing to distract the attention of those who work in the factory except the occasional sound of a cow bell from one of the herd which grazes right up to the main entrance of the building. Even the railway engines whistle discreetly and never for too long.

When the factory opened in 1867 there were 400 employees. By 1911, 1,000 people were employed and this number has remained constant ever since, apart from rare exceptions. Practically all these workers live in or near St. Imier. The majority of them have been with Longines all their lives and come from families which have been associated with the firm for generations. The Director of the factory to-day is M. Eugène Jeanrenaud.

At present Switzerland is suffering from a labour shortage. A number of partly-trained workers from Italy have been recruited. Some of them have been employed by Longines, and their housing has been given the highest priority by the firm. A village for the Italian community has already sprung up close to the factory. This is an example of the attention paid by Longines to the welfare of all their workers.

Inside the factory there is an abundance of space and light and a complete absence of dust. Conditions were good at the time of its opening, and through the years contemporary additions and alterations have been made from time to time. All the various workshops are large and most of them have splendid views looking on to the Jura countryside or the town of St. Imier dominated by its Romanesque church. The visitor entering the factory for the first time, especially in autumn or winter, may find the heat in the workshops somewhat trying. It must be remembered that the craftsmen are working in one position all day and it is essential that they should be warm and comfortable, otherwise they could never carry out their highly intricate tasks. The heat is also necessary to protect steel from corrosion during the spring and autumn, when there is a tendency to dampness in the air.

Every part of a Longines watch is made at St. Imier, with the exception of the hands, jewels, springs, gold cases and dials. The hands and dials are designed in the firm's design department, but for practical and economic reasons they are made by outside firms who specialise in these forms of craftsmanship.

The major proportion of the work involved in the manufacture of a modern high precision watch is carried out by machines. The St. Imier factory is highly mechanised. A delicate task such as setting the hair spring in the balance wheel has to be done by hand. The girls who do this generally attend a horological school for two-and-a-half

(*Continued on page 508*)

The modernistic statue of St. Imier, founder of the town

The view from a

Longines factory

The theatre and concert hall for the 6,000 inhabitants. In front is a statue of St. Imier

workshop, and (right) the River Suze flowing past the factory

TRAVEL

SPRING CRUISES FOR ALL

By **GORDON COOPER**

Have you ever made a collection of cruise brochures, spread them out on your bed and luxuriated in the illustrations? Have you ever pictured yourself sitting in the lush, plush lounges? And eating gastronomic meals from menus which seem to include a gargantuan supply of dishes? And what of the blue-tiled swimming pool, the well-equipped gymnasium, the magnificent nursery and the games deck? It all adds up to a dream-like picture of happiness, especially when such a cruise takes you to call at exotic ports and to see strange people. And at what season would it be better to go on a cruise than in the spring—the best of all revivers after our rather miserable winter?

m.s. *Meteor*, of the Bergen Line, at her berth at Lapad, in Yugoslavia

A spring cruise hinges, chiefly, on the time available for being away from home, as well as, of course, the cost. But a wide range of cruises is available. Heading the list is the Round-the-World Cruise of the *Caronia* (Cunard Line). It takes you 26,500 miles in 83 days, with calls at twenty-five ports, including Athens, Port Sudan, Colombo, Bangkok, Yokohama, Honolulu, and Acapulco (Mexico). The ship sails from Villefranche on February 14, from Naples on February 18, returning to New York on May 3. This "Voyage of a Lifetime" costs from £1,000, and all the bedrooms have bath or shower.

Coming rather more down to earth, or perhaps I should say to more modest financial expenditure, there are the usual two attractive Hellenic cruises offered by Swans, and by Fairways and Swinford. In the spring, Swans have cruises on March 31, April 15, and April 30. Each voyage has its own itinerary, giving you opportunity to visit various classical spots in the Eastern Mediterranean which, ordinarily, might be difficult to reach. They include Pergamum, Ephesus, Phæstos and Knossos, Baalbek, Petra, Palmyra, Damascus and Antalya. On the second cruise there is an opportunity to make an excursion from Beirut to Jerusalem and Bethlehem. As usual, distinguished classical scholars accompany each cruise; rates per person are from 95 gns. (dormitory accommodation) to 345 gns. (State Room) on the s.s. *Ankara* (6,210 tons).

The s.s. *Jerusalem* (10,000 tons) is the ship used on the cruise (April 5-21) offered by Fairways and Swinford. In their case, there is opportunity to visit archæological and biblical sites in Israel, including Beit She'arim, Megiddo, Nazareth, Tiberias and the Mount of the Beatitudes. Prices are from 86 gns. to 345 gns.

A unique tour is also offered by Swans which takes you 800 miles down the Nile by river steamer, and this trip may well be one of the last opportunities of seeing temples, tombs and fortresses in Nubia before they are permanently engulfed by the completion of the new Aswan High Dam. This 19-day de-luxe tour is from March 9-27; the number of participants is limited to seventy; the journey between London and Cairo will be by Comet; Sir Mortimer Wheeler will accompany the party, and prices range between 298-343 gns.

Other interesting eastern Mediterranean spring cruises include two offered by Hickie Borman by the m.v. *Jugoslavia* on April 19-May 2, and from May 16-29. Calls with excursions are made at various Dalmatian and Greek ports (including Patmos, Rhodes and Crete), as well as Istanbul. Fares are from £75 to £239. Then, there are three spring cruises by R.M.S. *Andes* (Royal Mail Lines), leaving Southampton on March 5, March 27, and April 16. This last sailing, however, takes you across the Atlantic to Barbados, San Juan, Bermuda and the Azores—the first and second cruises are to the Mediterranean. The duration of the cruises is around three weeks, and prices are from £114.

The *Meteor* (Bergen Line) is making an Easter cruise to the Greek Islands and the Holy Land (18 days), leaving Genoa on March 23, and a spring cruise (21 days) to the Greek Islands, Turkish Riviera and Egypt, sailing from Venice on April 11. Oceanways (23, Haymarket, S.W.1.) offer a reasonably priced Easter cruise from Venice on March 25 to various Greek and Turkish ports, including Chanak-Kale (for a visit to Troy), Istanbul, Rhodes, Crete and Santorin. The Adriatica Line also offer inclusive spring cruises to Dalmatia, Greece, Turkey, the Holy Land and Egypt. And I think you might also like to investigate the selection of outstanding spring cruises offered by Gellatly, Hankey and Co. (23, Pall Mall, S.W.1).

Nearer home, I offer the following suggestions for spring cruises: an 8-day trip through Holland and its bulbfields (April 8), a 15-day cruise along the Rhine to Switzerland (Basle), and a 15-day cruise on the Rhine and Neckar to Heidelberg and Stuttgart; all three are offered by Yacht Holidays (85, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1).

There are the somewhat unusual cruises of the Bergen Line to the Lofoten Islands (Norway), which take you, at the height of the fishing season in March, to witness the exciting "gold rush," by as many as 30,000 fishermen for the fishing banks. The Lofotens have a haunting and a natural scenic appeal of their own. British Railways are again operating Channel cruises on the s.s. *Falaise*, the first one being at Whitsun from May 15-19, and two others later in May. These are week-end cruises, starting and ending at Southampton, and prices are from 11 gns. up to 28 gns.

Turning now to the Atlantic, the s.s. *Stratheden* (P & O-Orient Lines) is sailing from London on March 30 for a 17-day Easter cruise to the islands of St. Vincent (an unusual port of call), and Tenerife, with fares ranging from £60 to £225. Informal Travels (45, Queensway, W.2) also offer freighter journeys by French boats to Martinique and Guadaloupe (duration 3/4 weeks, fares £150/175), and by Italian liner to several Caribbean ports, the five-week round voyage costing only £210 to £215 (one class). Worth noting, too, are this same firm's opportunities for freighter travel to the Mediterranean and the Levant; and there is a good travel bargain in the case of an Italian liner sailing from Trieste or Genoa to several eastern Mediterranean ports, the 19-day luxury voyage, including the journey from London, costing from £176.

A final mention must be of the various sailings, including the *Arkadia* (Greek Line), to the Canaries, and you have the choice also of travelling by Spanish one-class liners, or by banana freighters from London. I think, however, a taste for Spanish food is necessary for the last two suggested cruises. Information can be had from Informal Travels.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES—BY AIR

It has been a dream of air companies since the war to organise a real air cruise of the Mediterranean. Various attempts have been made in the past, one with flying-boats I remember, but somehow or other they never came to fruition, not because of any lack of demand, but because either the right aircraft was not available or accommodation could not be found in the right places. At long last B.O.A.C., in conjunction with Thos. Cook, have been able to arrange two twelve-day air cruises of the Mediterranean in February and March.

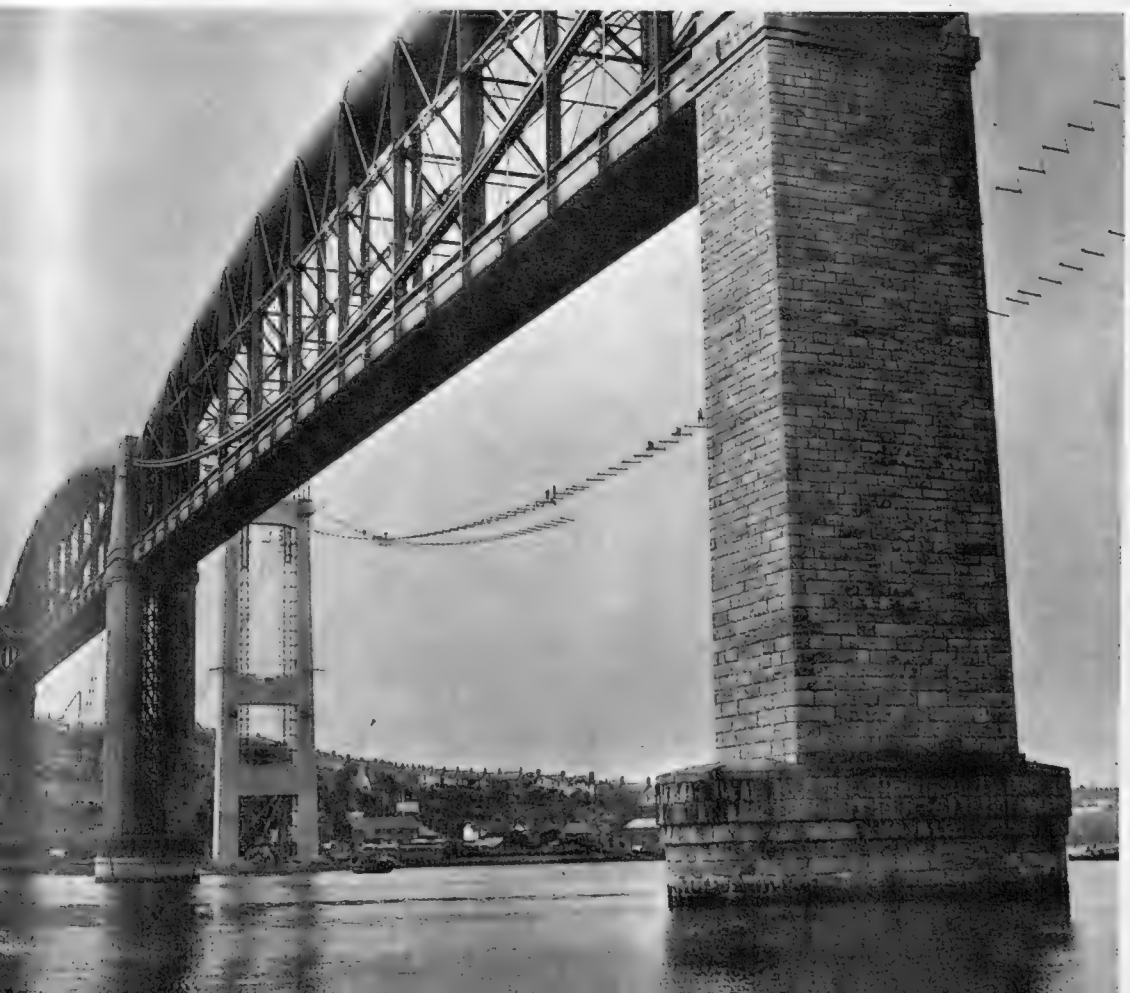
The itinerary sounds most exciting. You leave on Sunday, February 26 or March 12, 1961, on a B.O.A.C. Britannia aircraft for Tangier. You stay at the best hotel there, the El Minzah. On the Monday there is a sightseeing drive to the Sultan's Palace, the Casbah and the Caves of Hercules, near Cape Spartel. Next day, about noon, the plane takes off for Tripoli, that splendid Italianate seaside resort with such a fascinating collection of souks in the native city. The Hotel Uaddan, where you stop for the night, is really very good, and has its own attractive casino. On the Thursday you fly off to Cairo, where Friday and Saturday are spent. In the afternoon of the Sunday you leave for Athens by air, where you stay at the Hotel Acropole Palace. After sightseeing you leave for Rome for a day or so. The return flight brings you to London about 4.30 p.m. on Thursday.

The cost, including all accommodation and sightseeing excursions, with the services of a tour manager throughout, is 165 gns. Single rooms cost 15 gns. extra. The Britannia aircraft is an ideal plane for such a jaunt. It is roomy, comfortable and very quiet.

Among the P & O-Orient Line cruises in 1961 will be one between August 5-16 to Copenhagen, Stockholm and Leningrad, and another between July 5 and August 4, to Malta, Odessa, Istanbul, Palermo and Lisbon. This will be the first time since the war that ships of this line have included Soviet ports in their itineraries.

W. D. C. C.

Engineers work on cat-walks swung between the towers of the Tamar suspension bridge and (below) one of the towers is framed in a span of the Brunel railway bridge. From the river bank the engineers appear as tiny sihouettes



LINKING TWO COUNTIES

High above the River Tamar, where it flows between Plymouth and Saltash, a new road suspension bridge is taking shape. It is being constructed by the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Co. Ltd. for the Tamar Bridge Committee, which has been formed by the Devon, Cornwall and Plymouth Councils. Work started on the bridge in early August last year, and is expected to be finished in August 1961, at a cost which has been estimated at about £1,500,000. The bridge, being built on the rope suspension method (as opposed to the " link " system), has two main towers, which rise 250 ft. above water-level. Its main span is 1,100 ft. The roadway will be suspended 130 ft. above the river, and will incorporate three lanes for vehicular traffic and two footpaths. Engineers engaged on the construction have been working from cat-walks (swung between the two towers) which will be used to place the two main suspension cables in position across the river. Each cable is made up of 31 ropes and has a total diameter of 17 ins. Alongside the new bridge is the famous Royal Albert Railway Bridge which was built over 100 years ago to the design of Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the " father " of the Great Western Railway, who died in 1859, the year the bridge was opened by Prince Albert. Developments made during the last century can be marked by comparing the two bridges.

BOOKS

INCOMPARABLE NIJINSKY

Sir Compton Mackenzie in Greece; anthology of Henry Miller; and this week's fiction

A respected expert, writing years ago about the strawberry, gave it as his opinion that, while doubtless God *could* have invented a better berry, doubtless also he never did. The same view seems to be taken in the world of balletomanes, or simply audiences, about Nijinsky. To this day he is regarded as the incomparable male dancer, his interpretation of roles unique and his comprehension of new methods amazing. Nijinsky was neither tall, slender nor good-looking. On the contrary he was pale, with blunt features, a stocky physique and, part of his secret of supremacy, an extraordinary development of leg muscles which enabled him to leap across the stage in a manner never seen before—or since. Nevertheless, " I am not a jumper, I am an artist," he would say and it is as an artist and a singularly lovable character, until his later mental collapse, that Mlle Françoise Reiss has seen him in her authoritative biography, NIJINSKY (A. and C. Black. 30s.). The translation has been admirably made by Helen and Stephen Haskell and the book is a memoir of an age and a world absorbing to far more readers than those who habitually express themselves in terms of the ballet.

The next two books, again, show writers in reflection and writers confronted with odd, beautiful or significant scenes. GREECE IN MY LIFE (Chatto and Windus. 25s.), by Sir Compton Mackenzie, is a happy return to the country the author loves so much, first heard of through reading Kingsley's *The Heroes* and later was to know intimately through his work in the First World War in Athens and less populated spots. After an absence of forty years Sir Compton returned to Hellas with a film unit which was to make a series of B.B.C. films for television on *The Glory that was Greece*. The rediscoveries and emotions of this very hard-working trip (he was himself the company's narrator and leading man), provide the delightful closing chapters of a book in which the author has told of his early days in Greece, fully described his Old Bailey trial in 1926 over the Official Secrets Act, and given his characteristically strong views on such problems as Cyprus and the earlier British attitude towards Greece. Sir Compton is incapable of writing dully or without wit, which should prepare you for a very remarkable book of travel and political opinions indeed.

THE BEST OF HENRY MILLER (Heinemann. 30s.) is an anthology edited and introduced by Mr. Lawrence Durrell with great taste and imagination. Mr. Miller has supplied commentaries to each section, rather unwillingly we gather, and has ended his own preface with the lines: " But publishers like to make it easy for the reader. They do not realise, of course, what a disservice they are doing him. The lazy reader does no one any good." As a matter of fact, the lazy reader is the least likely type to be attracted to anything Mr. Miller ever wrote. Not because it is all abstruse, but because his work is so compulsively readable that lazy is a word that simply doesn't apply. As he points out himself, the great body of his work is autobiographical. It is also, as Mr. Durrell says, one of the bravest, richest and consistent ventures in this domain since Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Much of Mr. Miller's published work is not available in this country or in the United States and he asks us rather testily *not* to write to him as to how to obtain the banned books. But leaving such very important gaps aside, this is a magnificent anthology, designed to show Henry Miller in his various moods and styles, and to illustrate his thinking. Designed, above all, for reading.

RICHARD BURTON (right), starring in *Camelot*, on Broadway, is congratulated after the first night by Noël Coward and Marlene Dietrich. He plays King Arthur in the musical version of T. H. White's *The Once and Future King*, which has been adapted by the team which produced *My Fair Lady*—Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe—and staged by Moss Hart

Because Christmas is traditionally the season when circuses seem to be most frequented, Miss Pamela Macgregor-Morris' book, SPINNERS OF THE BIG TOP (Chatto and Windus. 30s.), has a proper timeliness. It is the story of an English circus started by Mr. Billy Smart in 1946 and grown to most successful proportions. All the Smart family work in it: sons, daughters, daughters-in-law and even a grand-daughter, which keeps the whole thing cosily in the family. The lively photographs illustrating the volume are of liberty horses, trapeze acts, chimpanzees, and the like, and have been taken by Mr. Rex Coleman and Mr. David Simpson. Best of all the pictures, however, is the frontispiece showing the Smart family eighteen strong, looking happy and, with no exceptions at all, good-looking.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) is described as a fairytale for adults and is by Mr. Vladimir Dudintsev. It was first published this January in a Moscow literary magazine and has here been translated by Mr. Max Hayward for our pleasure. It was Khrushchev who said that an earlier Dudintsev novel was one of the few books he could read without pricking himself with a pin to keep awake. Pins are strictly unnecessary with this little fable, too.

MEMOIRS OF AN ARMCHAIR (Hutchinson. 21s.) is an elegant book by Mrs.

HORSES, FROM RACECOURSE TO HUNTING

A wide selection of equestrian books

The racecourse, the show-ring, and the hunting field all command attention in newly published books, two of them hardy annuals in regular demand. The first of these, THE HORSEMAN'S YEAR 1961 (Collins. 21s.), is edited by Dorian Williams who has recruited a number of talented writers to deal with various aspects of his wide-ranging subject. Dick Francis writes the *National Hunt Retrospect*, W. E. Wylie writes on the *Dublin Horse Show*, R. S. Summerhays on *The Controversial Arab*, and there is a particularly delightful article by Rosemary Wells who, at nineteen years old, recently took over the mastership of the Clonmel Harriers. Under the title *Hunting on a Shoestring in Ireland*, she describes her first contact with this rare hunting country, visits to the farms and the farmers to learn the lie of the land, and the painstaking assembly of the " trencher-fed " pack in readiness for the season. Judge of her delight at the first meet when, very much on trial among the locals, the first draw brought a ringing cry from the hounds and a run of 1 hour 45 minutes with only one check. " From then on," writes the indefatigable Miss Wells, " I knew that my hounds could hunt perfectly well by themselves. They knew their job and my wisest policy seemed to be to let them teach me the art of hunting."

HORSE AND HOUND YEAR BOOK 1960-61 (Odhams. 17s. 6d.) is the recognised reference work of hunting field and show-ring. An important feature is the section classifying the results of last year's point-to-point meetings and hunter steeplechase meetings. The section dealing with hunts in England and Wales is brought up to date and is most comprehensive.

Juliet McLeod is one of our most distinguished painters of horses, working in a classic style with her formal portraits and with freedom in her informal equine studies. Both examples of her work are brought together in her volume, A HUNDRED HORSES (Seeley Service. 3 gns.), which has an introduction by Lord Willoughby de Broke. All reminds us that Juliet McLeod was a pupil of the late Lynwood Palmer whose mantle has clearly fallen upon her. The full-page portraits in colour, and there are twenty-eight of them, are the special feature of this volume, with pride of place probably going to the picture of Petite Etoile, one of the great fillies of all time. There is also a memorable portrait of that fine Derby winner and sire Never Say Die, now living in middle-aged affluence at the National Stud in Sussex.

SALUTE THE HORSE (Harrap. 25s.) is the work of versatile Keith Money, who is a sensitive draughtsman, a good amateur photographer, and a knowledgeable writer on matters pertaining to the horse world. Using his combination of talents he takes us round Badminton (with a long halt at the famous Vicarage Ditch to show us how it should and should not be tackled), on a trip round the horse shows of Britain, and to the White City for some of the leading jumping events of the year. Pat Smythe writes the introduction to this charming volume.

SHOW JUMPING ON FIVE CONTINENTS (Heinemann. 30s.) is by Pamela Macgregor-Morris who gives a loving account of the growth of a popular and spectacular sport. All the famous horse-and-rider combinations are here. In this particular field they seem to come in all shapes and sizes, and that applies to both horse and rider. The author has a fresh and easy style, allied to a gift for analysis, probing the secrets of success in this most exacting of sports.

John Tickner gets quite a kick out of horsy humour, and TICKNER'S HORSE ENCYCLOPEDIA (Putnam. 10s. 6d.) reflects his wit in prose and in drawings. Here is a sample entry:
" BLISTERS: You can give a horse blisters by using special ointment, but a horse can give you blisters in the most awkward places without any trouble and without using any special ointments." If that appeals to you then read on. It is all in the same robust vein.

R.C.E.

Violet Trefusis, who writes as readily in French as in English, and M. Philippe Jullian, who has also done the drawings. These gifted collaborators have told the story of an exquisite *bergère* which accommodated Louis XV, Voltaire, Balzac, Byron and Diaghilev, amongst others, and which was a silent party to some centuries of intrigues. Light and sparkling stuff.

The two novels on our list to-day are American and French, and not even in the most subtle of translations could either have come from the other's country. Mr. John O'Hara enters the lists for the United States with OURSELVES TO KNOW (Cresset Press. 21s.), a formidably long story about love, lust, murder and justice in a small Pennsylvania town. Thoughtfully, even solemnly written and, on reflection, probably this author's most important book since *Appointment in Samarra.*

THE SEA URCHIN (Macmillan. 18s.) is by Violette Jean and has been translated from the French by Mona Andrade. It is the tale of a young man living on the Channel coast near le Havre with his schoolteacher parents and the girl who becomes his companion and wife, the narrator of this closely-focused drama. Tender, but without weakness of construction, I read it with absorbed delight.

Vernon Fane

VOLTAIRE AND ALL THAT

Harold Nicolson's industry is like the British infantry at Busaco. Nothing can stop it. Well and good, since he seldom writes a dull sentence. His AGE OF REASON (Constable. 45s.) is a substantial book, the fruit of exhaustive study covering every aspect of the period 1700-1790 curiously labelled The Age of Reason. No doubt he did not start from the egg. He is steeped in the period and has taken a dozen or so of famous figures to illustrate his theme. A mixed bag: Voltaire, of course, and Bayle; the "great" sovereigns Louis XIV, Catherine, Peter and Frederick; Swift, Johnson, Addison and Horace Walpole; the salon ladies and the Charlatans, the Encyclopaedists (the climacteric of reason), Franklin and Wesley, Goethe and Rousseau. He has a label for most of them, and Louis, Franklin, Walpole, Goethe and Wesley are the best of his bunch from that astonishing vineyard of talent and madness, autocracy and democracy, scepticism and superstition, tradition and revolution, when Paris was the world's centre of culture. As I read delightedly through Sir Harold's pointed biographies and unfailingly amusing and exciting chapters, I began to suspect that he wrote of the era with tongue in cheek, that he was intent on paradox.

He is always honest and concedes two quotations which blow the Age of Reason sky-high. The first from Voltaire, the high-priest, himself, jolted by the Lisbon earthquake: "Candide discovered the futility of mere speculation. A man must do more than plan, he must *dig* his garden." The second his own conclusion: "The more one studies the Age of Reason, the more one realises that the majority were utterly unreasonable." The small *élite* were too busy spouting to come to grips with even a novel theory of living. I suspect that Boswell (in his backslidings), Hickey and the boy Bob Pott, no less representative of that age, got more out of it. Certainly the "Age of Reason" left posterity a *damnosa hereditas* with the rare qualities of the widow's cruse; not least, liberty widely interpreted as licence. Rousseau, that "maniac of genius," wrote the last words to its chapter of paradox. In offering my thanks to its latest chronicler for the absorbing entertainment he supplies, dare I criticise a great literary critic on a point of revision? Some tautology could have been excised by more careful galley-slaving, and perhaps a few more aberrations from style.

John Gore

Moses is threatened by Pharaoh

In a scene from the production of Christopher Fry's play at Westminster School are from left, Moses (Malcolm Mackenzie), with the "dead" child (Andrew MacKechnie-Jarvis); Anath (John Howes); Princess Teusret (David Rampton); Rameses (Nigel Hamilton); Pharaoh (Huw Elwyn-Jones)

THE FIRSTBORN

at Westminster School, London

Christopher Fry's moving play of Moses in Egypt was performed by Busby's House in the School Hall, in Little Dean's Yard. The production, by Mr. F. R. Rawes, was a special one this year to raise money for Westminster's quatercentenary appeal. Full-houses (about 400 people) for each of the three nights led to about £230 being raised. Busby's House have a tradition of acting going back some twenty years—last year Emlyn Williams' *Night Must Fall* was performed and other productions have included those well-used school standbys—Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Niggers* and Ian Hays' *Housemaster.* First seen at the 1948 Edinburgh Festival, *The Firstborn,* a somewhat difficult play in its religious austerity, has eight main roles, and a number of extras. Its staging involves a set change for each scene: Westminster's excellent stage facilities, including a proper lighting and "flies" system, were in great demand. According to the producer it was the most ambitious play attempted by Busby's. Emphasis was laid on diction and visits were made to the British Museum to get background material. Of the actors, Malcolm Mackenzie was the most experienced, having appeared in five plays. David Rampton played all three performances with a broken wrist, gained playing football shortly before the opening night.

Left: Princess Teusret smiles winningly at her aunt, Anath

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Frederic Hooper

For the last twelve years, Sir Frederic Hooper has been managing director of the Schweppes Group of Companies. During that time he has become widely known as a lecturer and writer on management subjects. His book, *Management Survey*, was reprinted earlier this year. Born in 1892, he was educated at Sexeys School, Bruton, and University College, London, where he trained as a botanist and gained a science degree. He was commissioned in the Dorset Regiment and served throughout the First World War. Sir Frederic joined Lewis's Ltd. in the early 1920's as one of their first graduate-trainees and rose to become joint managing director before resigning in 1942 to undertake political and government service during and after the Second World War. At present, he is adviser on recruiting to the Minister of Defence. From 1957 to this year he was chairman of the Minister of Labour's Advisory Board on Regular Forces Resettlement. Sir Frederic was director of the Ministry of Labour's business training scheme for returning ex-Servicemen from 1945 to 1947; one of the two civilian members of a committee of inquiry into the organisation of the R.A.F. in 1954; deputy chairman of the Hollinghurst Committee on the R.A.F. in 1955; and a member of the Wolfenden Committee on National Service in the Army in 1956. He was knighted in that year. A well-known speaker on television and radio, Sir Frederic has a wide knowledge of economic, political and industrial affairs. He is keenly interested in the arts and is chairman of the Royal Academy of Dancing; treasurer of The English Stage Society; and a member of the Council of the Royal College of Art. For many years he has been chairman of the Finance Committee of the Royal College of Nursing

CHEMICALS ON THE UP AND UP

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

During the eighteen months of rapid industrial expansion in Britain from autumn 1958 to spring this year, which it is already becoming fashionable to call the past boom rather than the present one, production throughout industry as a whole rose by about 15 to 16 per cent. In the chemical and allied industries it rose by about 32 per cent. Quite a number of people in the chemical industry would tell you that given the one figure they could have guessed the other. For as a rough rule of thumb in post-war British business, you can reckon that output in the chemical industries grows about twice as fast as it does in industry as a whole. Year in, year out, since the war, with a regularity that tends to disguise how impressive this is, these industries have done if anything a little better than that; since 1948, say, they have increased their output by perhaps one-and-a-half times, whereas the increase for industry as a whole may have been about two-thirds. But even leaving out some of the earlier years, in which among other things Britain acquired itself a completely new, and pretty large oil refining industry, these industries can still be sure of doing about twice as well as British industry in general does.

There are other industries that go up much faster than the economy in general, such as motors; on occasion, as 1960 has proved rather dismally, they can go down much faster, too. Chemicals, on the whole, do not; they manage to make on the roundabouts without losing anything like as much on the swings. In the mild general recession of 1958, chemical output stayed about level; in the two years of very slow growth just before that, chemical output still rose about twice as much as the average. Its profitability, admittedly, can on occasion fluctuate rather more than its output seems to; but in financial as well as physically productive terms, this seems about as dependable a " growth industry " as one can find nowadays.

It is not too easy to say just why. The common explanation is that " the chemical industry " is really a group of fairly diverse industries each of which produces a bewilderingly large array of products; these go into so many different kinds of other industry or final consumption that one would seldom find all of their markets moving up or down at the same time. That is true, and it must account for some of the resilience this industry displays to the general fluctuations of business in general. It does not account for the growth, even if one tries to iron out special factors such as the development of oil refining here since the war. One major factor in that growth, if not necessarily the whole explanation, must be the way in which these industries go on adding to their diversity, with a steady development of new products. In Britain the chemical industries spend about £20,000,000 to £25,000,000 a year on research and development; and though new ideas cannot be wholly institutionalised, and the outside inventor continues to make his contribution, one might say that these industries have turned innovation itself into one of their continuous processes.

To the outsider, even to the professional observer of industry from the outside, chemicals retains a good deal of mystery; it is not entirely coincidental that one can often go round a new chemical plant without seeing any actual chemicals at all. One may see raw materials in stockyards, though a growing proportion of these too nowadays arrive invisibly as liquids or gases along a pipe; clearly a good deal is going on inside those convoluted metal intestines, vessels and stills (occasionally one can hear rushing noises, and certainly the pointers on the dials occasionally waggle); at the end one may be lucky enough to see certain materials sent off inside visibly full paper sacks, though as like as not the product too may depart as invisibly as it came into a bulk tank vehicle or some improbably-shaped tank.

It is overwhelmingly apparent that this orderly tangle of pipework and continuous-flow plant, these powerhouses and pulpits full of control instruments, even the odd human being one occasionally sees around, are all " adding value," to use the economist's jargon (the chemical industries as a whole added about £700,000,000 of value to materials they bought originally costing say £1,300,000,000, last year). What they are adding it to, and getting as a result, is seldom quite so clear. (One is often shown, back in the manager's office, or even presented with something made out of . . . what you make here? Well, no, but out of what somebody else makes out of what we make here after adding his own few transformations to it . . .)

More seriously, there are some of the same difficulties in comprehending the contribution that the chemical industries make to a modern economy. Only about a third of chemical output represents goods entering into direct consumption—for example, pharmaceuticals, cosmetics, soaps and domestic detergents. Some of the other products which it sells to industrial customers for further processing, such as paints and plastics are visible enough when they reach us as consumer products; but others, such as chemicals for textile finishing, metal processing, and about 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons of fertilizers a year, are embodied into products we buy rather than consumed in any recognisable sense. About a third of the industry's output by value, incidentally, is of basic chemicals; and these it tends to consume very largely itself at different stages in the series of processes that transform crude materials into final products.

In terms of finance or company structure, again, this industry is none too easy to identify or delimit. Imperial Chemical Industries, certainly, is perhaps the largest and most recognisable object in the whole of Britain's industrial landscape—though at any time what proportion it represents of most of the things that it does is a good deal less easy to say. There are other great names among the companies that would rank themselves under one or other form of chemicals—Monsanto, Albright and Wilson, Fisons, Laporte, Beechams, Glaxo, Borax Holdings, British Glues and Chemicals, and the like. But it is almost characteristic of this industry that two of the largest producers in it—both of which, at times, indeed, have claimed second place after I.C.I.—would hardly describe themselves, in their main corporate being, as chemical firms at all.

Shell Chemicals is a separate operating entity from the vast petroleum complex; but it is not identifiably to the outside world a separate financial entity, and no outsider can measure the great size it has attained after a post-war career of extremely rapid growth. And Distillers, although right in the top rank of Britain's big chemical producers, seldom precisely distinguishes its chemicals business from the perhaps tastier trade of making most of the country's whisky and gin.

These two companies in particular, and to a considerable extent the other major chemical producers, have grown rapidly in the last decade or so with the fastest-growing element of this whole group of industries —petroleum chemicals. A great part of the post-war expansion of the longer-established producers, indeed, has been based on petroleum as a raw material. Billingham was developed by I.C.I. as a great coal-based chemical complex, but now makes some use of petroleum raw materials; Wilton, across the Tees, not far from Middlesbrough, was once thought of as a series of plants based on coal, but in practice has been built up as one employing mainly petroleum feedstocks. The great new development on Severnside, near Avonmouth, upon which I.C.I. has begun work this year will be entirely a petroleum chemicals plant, drawing its raw materials along a pipeline from the Esso refinery at Fawley. And last month I.C.I. announced another petroleum chemicals development—at Kilroot, near Carrickfergus, in Northern Ireland, which will get its raw materials from the refinery that British Petroleum plans to build at Belfast.

The rapidly-growing output of petroleum chemicals is not easy to measure; one of the few indices that gives a fair impression of total activity in the field is the consumption of its raw material. In 1954, about 51,000 tons of petroleum feedstocks were being delivered to chemical plants; this summer, deliveries have been running at 130,000 to 150,000 tons. In terms of final output, the tonnage of petroleum chemicals produced this year may be of the order of a million tons or more; that would be perhaps six times as much as in 1952, the first year in which these tonnages began to be recorded.

Most of the chemicals produced from petroleum are " organic " (i.e. compounds of carbon); they include synthetic detergents, chemical solvents, some of the synthetic fibres (e.g. " Terylene " but not in Britain, nylon, which we make out of coal), synthetic rubber, some insecticides, additives for the oil industry itself, and not least, the large and growing family of plastic materials. But more recently, chemical engineers have been taking " the petroleum route " for some of the basic inorganic chemicals that the industry produces (and later uses) in vast amounts, such as ammonia.

Organic chemicals made from petroleum characteristically require heavy capital investment, but have a relatively high sales value. Petroleum feedstocks come to the chemical producer as liquids or gases; they are ideally suited for the kind of chemical engineering itself borrowed from the oil industry. This kind of technology, in which the material is always mobile, and the activity at any point in a plant remains in a " steady state," is suited to automation; indeed automation actually becomes necessary when one is dealing with materials that cannot be physically handled. This costs money, although it offers relatively high returns. Petroleum chemicals are accounting for a growing proportion of the chemical industry's very heavy annual fixed investment, which last year was of the order of £169,000,000.

The industry's spending this year will probably have been at a somewhat lower rate than that—in the first half of the year it was as much as 15 per cent. down—but next year, its major producers have told the Board of Trade, they expect to increase their spending again quite considerably. And even more of this than before will go into new plants to produce petroleum chemicals. The whole industry is confident it can maintain its general record of growing faster than the economy; petroleum chemicals are likely to remain for some time the fastest-growing element within it. And the outside observer, attempting vainly to trace the outlines of this vast, potent industry that remains to so large an extent submerged and hidden within the industrial economy, may reflect that the visible part of this iceberg, almost certainly, will be made of plastic.

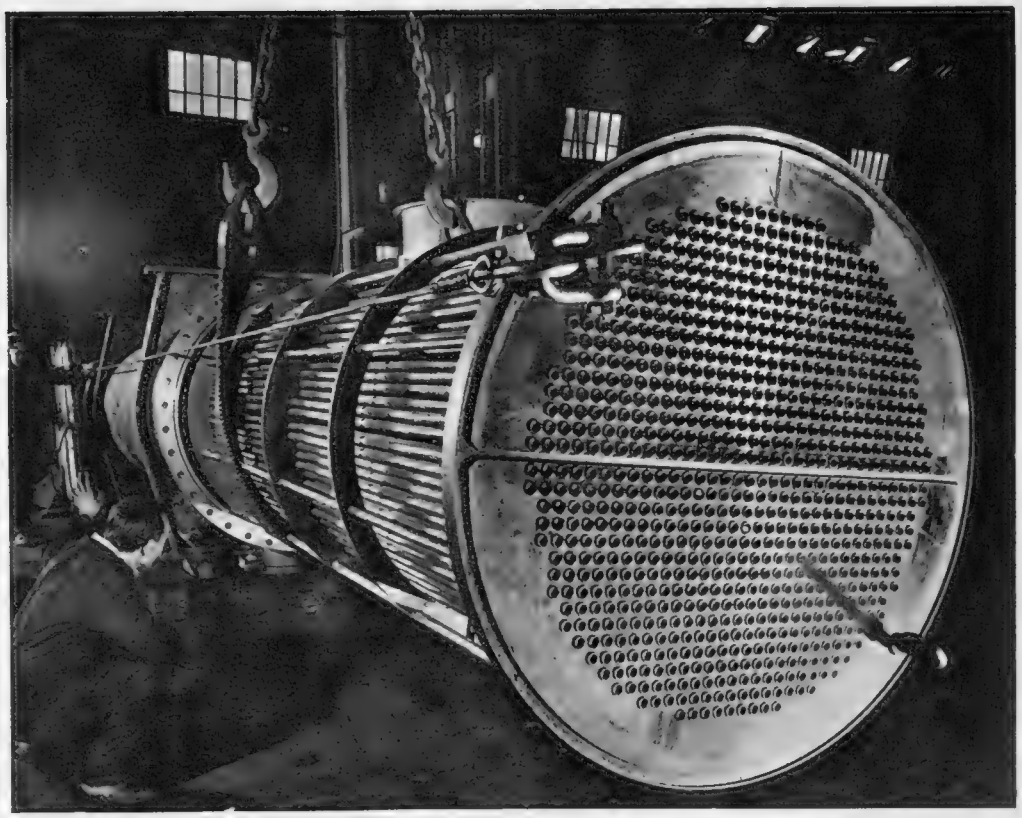
HEAVY ENGINEERING

A wide range of operations at the works and foundries of Head, Wrightson & Co. Ltd.

Photographs by John Jochimsen

Mould boxes are filled automatically at the Eaglescliffe Iron Foundry. Although iron founding is the oldest of the firm's activities, the foundry is one of the most modern in the world

In one of the fabrication bays at the Stockton works, workmen assemble a rotary dryer. These pieces of equipment are used in many processes in the chemical and mining industries



At the works at Thornaby, a tubular heat exchanger goes through the final assembly process. These vessels are used to transfer heat from one element to another and are employed extensively in the petroleum and chemical industries

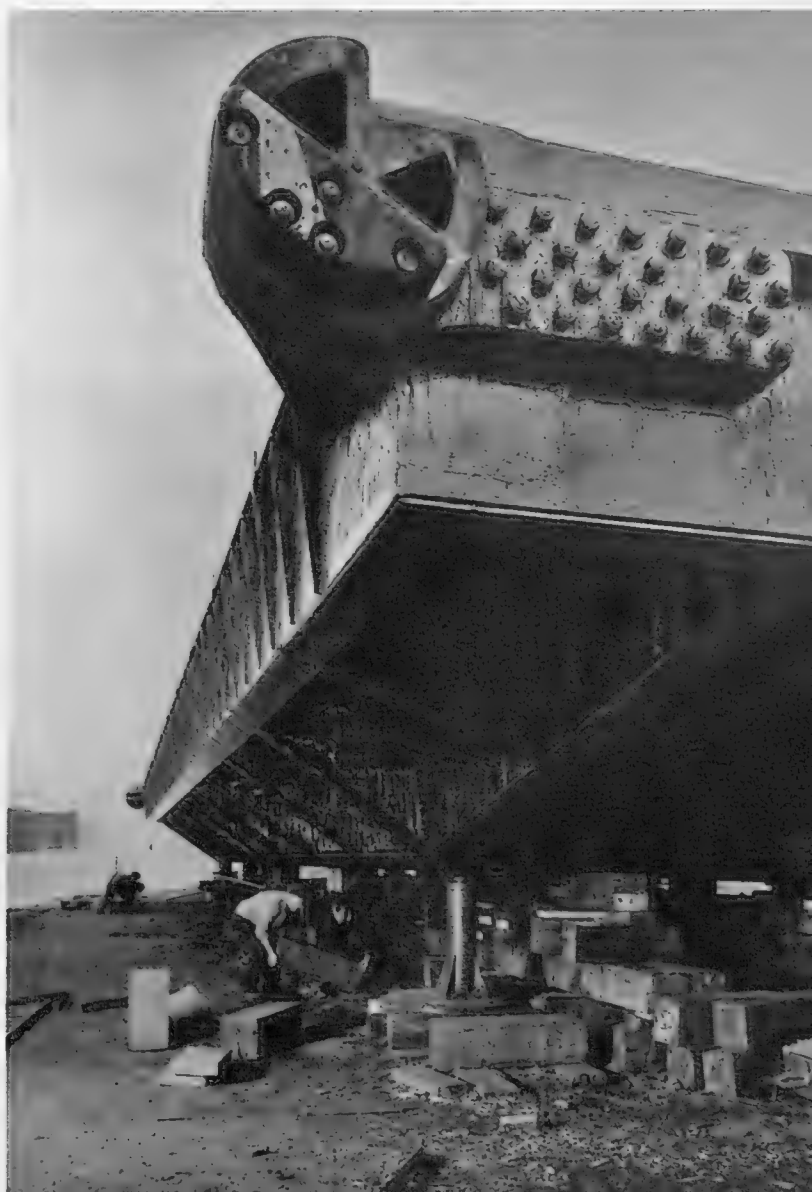
Left: A horizontal milling machine is guided by the operator along the metal, at the Thornaby-on-Tees works

Below: A general view of two of the bays of the Head, Wrightson Machine Co. Ltd. in Middlesbrough, where bar, tube and strip equipment are produced for ferrous and non-ferrous industries

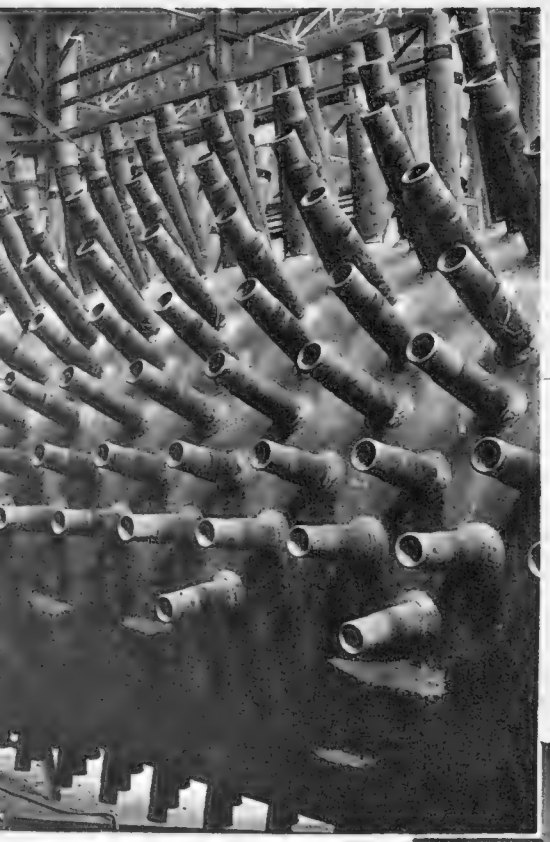
A paddle for a giant mixing churn. Constructed out of stainless steel, the paddle is used in the manufacture of man-made fibres. It was made at the Teesdale Ironworks at Thornaby-on-Tees, which produces a large range of equipment for general engineering, in oil refineries, docks, harbours, and on the railways

The operator grinds rough material from the face of a valve, destined for the petroleum industry, in the fettling yard at the Thornaby works of Head, Wrightson Steel Foundries Ltd. High frequency electric arc furnaces are used to make carbon, manganese and alloy steel castings

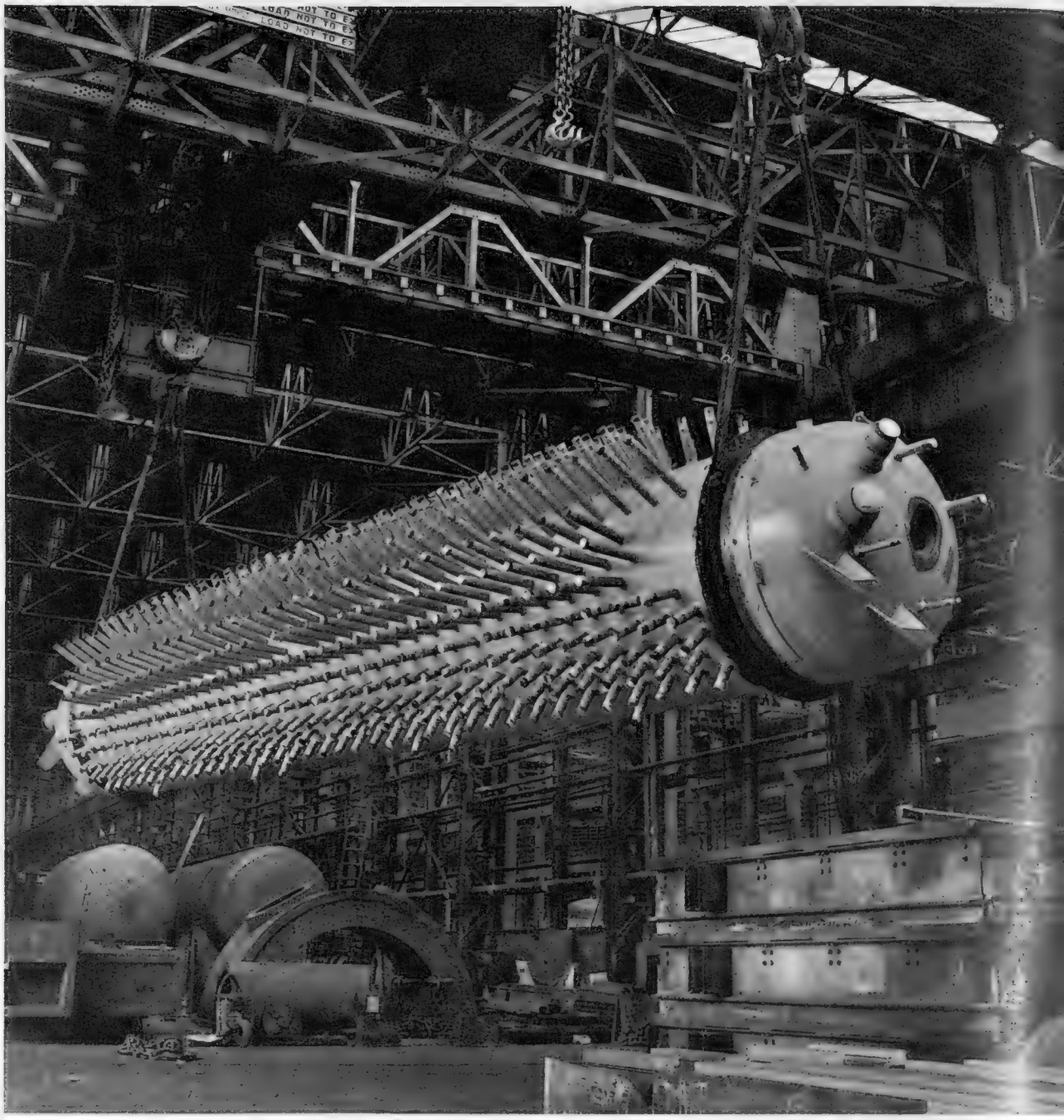
Right: On the firm's slipway on the river Tees, a dock gate receives its final coat of pitch before it is launched and towed to its destination. Heavy dock and harbour equipment for a number of places in the United Kingdom have been designed and made by Head, Wrightson



In modern water-tube boiler construction it is common practice for the boiler tubes to be welded to short stubs, which give the main steam drum a hedgehog appearance and which form an integral part of the drum. Four drums of this design were recently completed in the works of G. A. Harvey (London) Ltd. to the order of Mitchell Engineering Ltd. for the Electricity Supply Commission of the Union of South Africa. The equipment is destined for the new Komati Power Station in the Transvaal, to be used in two steam generating units, each rated at 900,000-lb.-steam-hour. With a length of over 46 ft. each of the main steam drums has a finished weight of 71 tons. In addition to the usual nozzles and standpipes, 856 stub tubes were welded to the alloy steel shell. To carry out this process, the drums were heated and maintained at a temperature of 150 degrees C., by means of coiled elements inserted inside the drum. These were mounted on a simple framework on wheels. The framework remained at the bottom while the drum was rotated. In order to prevent heat losses, the outside of the steam drum was suitably lagged.



On to the shell of a main steam drum are welded stub tubes, the ends of which have been prepared for welding, on the site, to the boiler tubes



A main steam drum, for a steam generating unit, is lifted in the works in London by overhead cranes

GETTING UP STEAM IN SOUTH AFRICA

Right: One of the drums is prepared to be dispatched to South Africa. It has been packed for protection in a steel cage

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

COLD COMFORT

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

One of the surprises for visitors to Britain, particularly those from America, is the low priority we seem to place on refrigerators as aids to easier and pleasanter living. Although their cost is roughly comparable with that of washing-machines and television sets, only one family in five has a refrigerator compared with two out of three with television and more than one out of three with washing machines. Five years ago the visitors' surprise would have been even sharper for then only one British family in sixteen owned a refrigerator. In the interval refrigerator sales boomed, helped by hot weather in the first half of the 1957 summer, the magnificent weather in the summer of 1959, a general feeling of prosperity and the abolition of hire purchase curbs in October 1958. Home sales jumped from 228,000 in 1955 to nearly 850,000 last year. In the first ten months of this year sales reached 864,000 models.

But now the picture has changed. A very chilly draught is whistling along the production lines of the refrigerator makers where output has been cut back and stocks have mounted embarrassingly to an estimated half a million models. After bumper June sales, the first warning rumbles came in July when deliveries to the shops of British-built refrigerators ceased to rise so dramatically. By August they were 17 per cent. down on the year before and by September 65 per cent. October deliveries of 32,000 models made an unhappy comparison with 100,000 a month in the early part of the year.

What, then, has caused this about-turn in the situation? Undoubtedly, hire-purchase restrictions have played their part, though probably a smaller part than the trade would have the Government believe. The general slowing down effects of the credit squeeze have no doubt made people pause before buying such a major item of domestic equipment. But another and far from inconsiderable factor has been the tremendous increase in competition from foreign-made refrigerators, fostered by the boom which paradoxically they have helped to kill. From Germany, France, Italy, Sweden and Switzerland the refrigerators have been pouring into Britain. In the first nine months of this year their value was £5,000,000, a seventeen-fold increase in only two years and almost equal in value to exports of British models.

At the same time, more and more British companies have been looking keenly at the rich and attractive possibilities of the refrigerator market and hastily starting up their own production lines. Among them have been Kenwood, famous for kitchen mixers; Radiation, the "New World" cooker firm; Flatley, the drying-cabinet specialists, and even a company that until recently had been content to make raincoats. But with all this energetic domestic development, it is a strange but indisputable fact that the biggest share of sales in Britain (well over a quarter of the total) is held by the Swedish Electrolux company, whose main British factory is at Luton. Last summer Mr. Sahlin, the chairman, was saying that this factory could not meet demand so that cabinets were being sent over from Sweden.

The rest of the British market is fought over by more than a score of companies, including other foreigners like Frigidaire, a subsidiary of General Motors; Kelvinator of America and Ada (Halifax), owned by the Dutch Philips lamp firm. Besides such towering giants as Associated Electrical Industries, English Electric and General Electric, there are some pretty big fellows in the field. They include Thorn Electrical Industries, the Atlas lamp people; Pressed Steel, makers of car bodies; Radiation, the Ascot heater firm; Glover and Main, the water heater and cooker group; and Allied Ironfounders, known for kitchen units, baths and cookers. Electric and Musical Industries has recently taken over Morphy-Richards, which makes the Astral model, and even the mighty Tube Investments group has a subsidiary, Simplex Electric, which makes refrigerators.

Sir Ivan Stedeford, Tube Investment's chairman, spoke for the whole industry when he said a week or so ago: "The electrical division felt the full effect of credit restrictions imposed on a contracting demand. Its earnings were down and are likely to remain suppressed until the housewife is again allowed to satisfy her need for kitchen equipment in the only way in which these domestic goods can be purchased by most people."

What is the immediate outlook? Until credit curbs are relaxed there is little prospect of a pick-up in sales. Meanwhile, so warm is the competition that general price cutting seems inevitable. Already General Electric and others have acted with the declared intention of unloading stocks. But even with easier credit there is unlikely to be a return to the hectic times of a year ago when there were waiting lists for refrigerators. There is, of course, a saturation point for all domestic equipment when the only scope is for replacement sales. Television sets are rapidly approaching that level. But it is unlikely that British kitchens will be 100 per cent. refrigerated for another fifteen years or so.

No major companies whose shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange rely exclusively on refrigerator sales. Radiation Limited and Glover and Main, whose business is principally manufacturing domestic equipment, are, however, feeling less than exuberant, and Allied Ironfounders has recently reported that its profits are running at the same level as last year.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

The Wine and Food Society which, among its various activities, organises about six gourmet lunches and dinners for its members every quarter, is going to cross the Channel next April to have lunch in France for the first time in its history The official announcement of this event had only reached members a day or two previously when I was told by the secretary the interest was so great that the function was to be duplicated a week later. I am most gratified by this news, as the new departure is the outcome of a suggestion of mine. I have often enjoyed excellent meals in the Pas de Calais area, especially in Calais, and in view of the fast and comfortable communication system provided by Channel Air Bridge, I saw no reason why members of the society should not make use of these facilities.

I spoke to the President, M. André Simon, who liked the idea and agreed to my proposal to take him across for a few days, so that he could explore the possibilities personally. In the event, he was unable to leave London, and Leslie Hardern, his "right-hand man," went instead. We visited a number of places on the Channel coast, near Calais, and in and around Ostend. Several were found to be of the necessary high culinary standard to which gastronomic excursions could be made.

The first of what we hope to be a series of such meals will be a *Repas Gastronomique* at the Hôtel Clément, at Ardres, about ten miles inland from Calais, on the road to St. Omer. Originally a coaching inn dating back to Louis XVI, it is a most comfortable small hotel, with a real French country atmosphere. The present Patron is Monsieur Gantelme, whose wife is the daughter of the last Clément. The young *chef de cuisine* is their son-in-law, who spent his military service cooking for General Juin. I am not sure if the menu for the Wine and Food Society lunch is finally settled, but I remember that when we discussed the possibilities with M. Gantelme during our exploratory visit, he was rather concerned that the British would not enjoy a *Gigot d'Agneau* as liked in France—slightly underdone—and advised that we should choose something else for a main dish. Rather that than cook the *gigot* longer; such is his integrity. Members of the Society will travel by coach from London to Southend Airport, by special Channel Air Bridge plane to Calais-Mark Airport and by coach to Ardres. The total cost, including the gastronomic lunch, will only be a little more than they have to pay for one of their regular functions in England.

For the benefit of my readers who may not know this part of France I must add that the town of Calais itself is worth a special visit in search of really good food and drink. They will like the finely-proportioned, gracious dining-room of the Hôtel Meurice (rebuilt with every comfort after complete destruction in the war), where service and cuisine are of the highest standard. The *Terrine de foies de volaille* is quite exceptional, and so are the other specialités de maison, *Jambon au Meursault*, and, if you like them, the *Andouillettes grillées au feu de bois*. The cellar is worthy of the Patron, M. Maupin, who is a well-known authority on wine; which is something in France.

But this is not the only one to be recommended of the many restaurants there—the Hôtel Sauvage, the Buffet Gare Maritime and the Airport Restaurant, recently taken over by M. Vannobel of the Hôtel de Boulogne, are all well worth a visit. So is the tiny Taverne de Lille, a fine exponent of bourgeois cooking at its best. But you are lucky to get a table for it has so many regulars among the local inhabitants.

No true lover of brandy would ever subject a good cognac to the brutal treatment of heating it over a flame. Even the obnoxious habit—fortunately now dying out—of heating the glass before the brandy is poured into it is to be deplored. The bouquet, which is the principal part of the delight in a fine cognac, or armagnac is a very, very delicate thing and should be treated with gentle respect. It should not be subjected to the drastic heat of a flame any more than a bottle of claret should be plunged into hot water. It is not the aim that the vapour should hit the nose in one terrific, stunning blast destroying all sensitivity.

The glass should be at room temperature and only the warmth of the hand holding it is needed to release the gentle and elusive bouquet which makes the slow sipping of a brandy, especially a fine old one—for lack of better description a liqueur brandy—such an unrivalled pleasure. I hope that the large balloon-shaped glass is also on the way out, but this is a tradition so well dug in that it may take some time before it finally disappears. A much smaller tulip-shaped glass is ideal, as I had pointed out to me when I first visited the Charente. At Cognac I was received by M. André Renaud, the head of the firm of Rémy Martin, whose Fine Champagne, V.S.O.P., is one of my favourites, and shown around the "*chais*" by his future successor, M. Herriard-Dubreuil. I learnt a lot about fine brandy that day, and one of the many things that I learnt was the type of glass that should be used for the greatest enjoyment of the exquisite fragrance.

At Jarnac, M. Sauzé, who runs the firm of Delamaine and Cie, a specialist house in very old brandies, gave me many fabulous old samples to taste, among them their Grande Champagne 1922 and 1920. (Their "Pale Dry 30-year-Old" is also obtainable in England.) Again, there was not a balloon glass in sight, and the mere mention of it caused shocked astonishment. Ever since, I have been fighting "crimes against brandy," such as heating over flames, and large balloon glasses.

MOTORING

GOING OVER THE LIMIT

Another system of parking; piezo-electricity—a new word in ignition; and Christmas gifts for car-owners

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Britain's 30 m.p.h. speed limit is becoming something of a farce. Emboldened by apparent immunity from police action, drivers of all classes and riders of motorcycles (including scooters) are flagrantly ignoring the built-up area restriction all the time. I am frequently being overtaken by vehicles of all kinds travelling at between 40 and 50 m.p.h. When they have L-plates up it makes me very angry. I 'm not wearing my halo at the moment and I hope I don't appear starry-eyed, but I am disgruntled with the whole speed-limit business. Have the police given up all hope of properly enforcing the limit? Or are they, when they think the time is ripe, suddenly going to end their apparent " truce " and pounce on road users in a big way, with patrol cars, motorcycles, radar devices, stop watches and all the paraphernalia of trapping?

My own view is that there *must* be a speed limit in those urban areas which have bad accident records for various reasons, but it is not good enough to impose the limit arbitrarily. It is a road safety " weapon " which must be used with discretion. Limits must be applied in such a way that motorists will come to respect them. That is not the case to-day. It never has been, and it never will be as long as the distance between street lamps is used as the criterion.

I know miles and miles of road in many different parts of the country where there is no need for a limit at all in these days of improved road surfaces, and cars with better brakes, slimmer screen pillars, lower bonnets and more efficient road-holding. Except in town centres and the narrowest, congested streets (where cars can't go very fast even if they try) I think the 30 m.p.h. limit should be progressively replaced by the 40 m.p.h. restriction, which is treated with much greater respect because it is more realistic.

Now that the police are deservedly getting better pay, and recruiting prospects are brighter, it is sincerely to be hoped that more police cars and motorcycles will soon be available to patrol the roads and frighten errant motorists into a better sense of discipline. With a strong enough highway patrol there would be no need for trapping with radar or anything else. The mere sight of a police uniform still has a most salutary effect on even the selfish motorist—whose finest attribute is that he *does* use his driving mirror!

From midnight until, say, 6 a.m. I think there should be no speed limits at all. Drivers who go too fast can still be prosecuted for careless or dangerous driving. An increasing number of motorists are finding it more attractive to drive through the night, when making long journeys on business or holiday, than to endure the daytime congestion. The Minister of Transport would be wise to encourage this trend, in order to relieve road congestion during the daylight hours. One way of doing so would be to let motorists go faster at night, when the roads are clearer.

In London the other day I gained entry to a gated, unmanned, car park by inserting a plastic card into the slot of a machine at the park entrance. This caused the one-bar gate (similar to those at French level crossings) to lift automatically for long enough to let me drive in. Then it dropped again to bar the path of unauthorised drivers. It was a demonstration of a new parking system which has proved successful in the United States and other countries and which will soon be in use in the U.K. It is the Parcoa system, whose agents in this country are Parking Developments Ltd., of Cranmer Road, S.W.9. My parking ticket—it is really a key—was also my invitation to the demonstration. At one end it said " Insert here. This side up." It contained a magnetic code, on " reading " which the parking machine lifted the gates by means of a servo motor. The gate is lowered when the motor is reversed by the action of the car's rear wheels passing over a detector pad in the driveway.

The makers claim the system quickly pays for itself because there is no need to employ parking attendants. Variations on the Parcoa theme offer machines operated by coins instead of tickets and others which automatically deliver a parking ticket whenever a car arrives at the barrier. When the driver pulls the ticket from the machine it energises the servo motor which then raises the barrier. The system is suitable in one or other of its various forms for both public and private parking.

Have you ever heard of piezoelectricity? What's it got to do with cars, anyway? Not much, as yet, but it might. It is a phenomenon under which certain minerals—quartz is one of them—generate electric current when pressed or squeezed. (I understand piezo is Greek for " press " or something of the sort.) This principle—if that is the right word—is employed in a revolutionary ignition system evolved by the big Clevite Corporation of the U.S. It is called a " spark pump," is no bigger than a man's fist, works without breaker-points, coils or condensers, needs no battery and generates a current of about 30,000 volts every time it is pressed.

The first company to adopt the spark pump is Clinto Industrial Engines—another U.S. firm —and one of its latest models, incorporating this remarkable new ignition system, was on view on the Trojan stand at the Royal Smithfield Agricultural Show. There was also a demonstration rig of the spark pump itself. A spark is produced when a man-made crystal, formed from a special ceramic, is squeezed by a cam-and-lever mechanism driven by the engine camshaft or crankshaft. (The Clinto which had the spark pump at Earls Court was a single-cylinder four-stroke.) Engineers in the U.S., I am told, are trying to devise a distributor which will enable the spark pump to be used on multi-cylinder engines.

If you are trying to think of some last-minute Christmas gift ideas, what about some motoring aids? Here are a few suggestions . . . Driving shoes in suede or leather (Carshoes, Ltd., 88, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3., £3 15s.); Bacon's Atlas of Greater London (7s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. with stiff covers); a flexible lamp for inspection or map-reading (Butlers, Grange Road, Small Heath, Birmingham 10, £2 2s. 6d.).

Spot lamp for reading signposts (like the Raydyot model by Neale and Sons., Graham Street, Birmingham 1, £3 19s. 6d.); car compass (Century Optical Co., Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1, £3 13s. 9d.); light-weight suitcases (Key-Leather Co., Ltd., Urswick Road, E.9, £2 12s. to £4); insulated picnic bag (Pindisports, Holborn, E.C.1, up to £5 13s.).

If you want to buy an extra-special Christmas present for a deserving, car-conscious boy (or girl for that matter) may I commend the Triumph TR3 Junior, a half-scale, pedal-driven model of the real thing. It costs £48 7s. 6d., tax included, and is obtainable from Standard-Triumph distributors and dealers.

A TRIBUTE FROM VOLKSWAGEN: Lord Brabazon of Tara (left), chairman of VW Motors Limited, chats with Mrs. Radclyffe, and Mr. James Graydon, managing director of the company. Lord Brabazon had presented Mrs. Radclyffe with the 50,000th VW car to be imported into the U.K. She is the widow of Colonel Radclyffe, who was put in charge of the VW plant at Wolfsburg by the Allied Control Commission and who handed the plant over to the Federal German Government in 1949

It seats two children in comfort and they can both help with the pedalling. The facia panel is a faithful reproduction, complete with switches for the electric light and horn. The car has a plastic body, independent coil springing at the front, a sprung steering wheel and pneumatic tyres.

THE R.A.C.'S CHRISTMAS-BOX: A suitable Christmas present for car enthusiasts which includes an R.A.C. Associate Membership Card for a year. The box costs £3

Briefly . . . London's Christmas Pink Zone, slightly bigger than last year's, came into operation on November 28 with 4,600 parking meters, traffic wardens, twenty free car parks (for 3,000 vehicles)—and a charge of £2 10s. for motorists whose cars are taken away by the police. . . . Fifty manufacturers showed 300 models ranging from £250 to £2,000 at the international caravan exhibition at London's Olympia. Bluebird, one of the biggest exhibitors, had four brand new models. . . .

Another short stretch of British motorway —the 1½-mile-long western end of the Maidstone by-pass, Kent—is now open to traffic. The £2,500,000, 7-mile-long by-pass is in use throughout its length. . . . The Roads Campaign Council greeted the event with modified rapture, pointing out that half the 320 miles of motorway planned by the Government under their priority scheme are scheduled to have only four lanes. . . .

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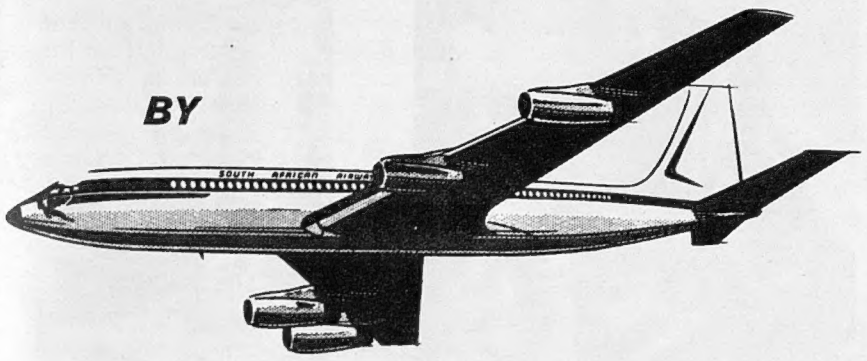

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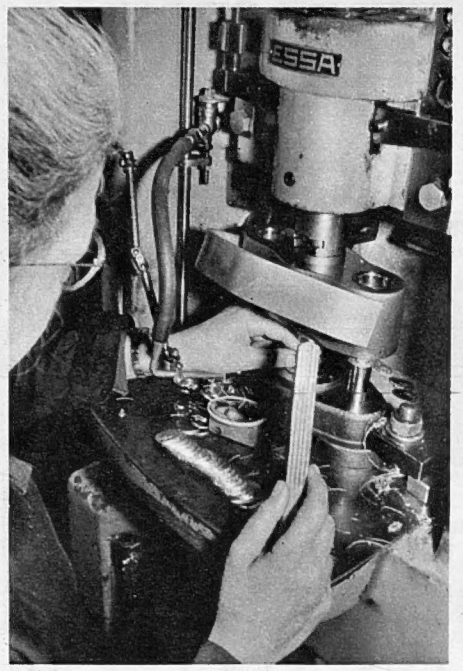
WATCHMAKERS OF THE JURA



Rectifying plates in the Longines works and the cleaning tank for electro-plating

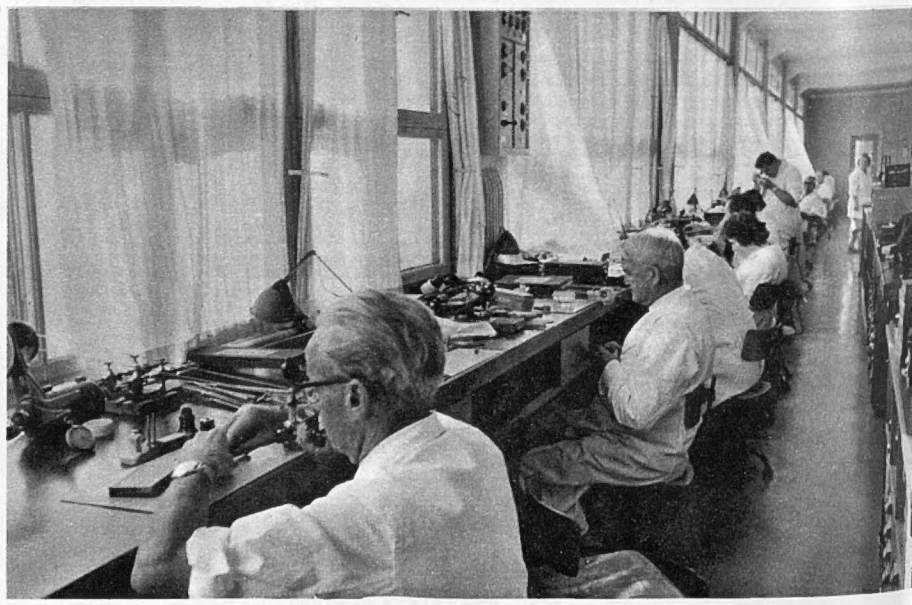
(*Continued from page 494*)

or three years before being allowed to start work. Regulating chronometers is another specialist job.

Although much of the work is mechanised, some Longines watches are finished by hand. They are creations of great beauty in their design. A few of them were shown by the firm at the Exposition Universelle in Brussels two years ago. One was a superb woman's watch cased in platinum and attached to a platinum bracelet set with the finest diamonds. The stones for the bracelet and the watch were of the finest quality, selected over a period of three years. It was claimed this was the most expensive watch in the world, worth about £45,000! It was also in 1958 that the 10,000,000th watch was produced by Longines since their works were opened. This is perhaps not a large number when compared with figures from some other watchmaking firms. But St. Imier has always been far more interested in quality than quantity.

Quality is pre-eminently the concern of M. Henri Louis Hurlimann, who is in charge of the styling department. He is a fount of knowledge about national tastes in watches. The Italian male likes a watch with a highly complicated dial; the Englishman's criterion is distinguished styling and quiet good taste. For the Americans, opulent gold cases and solid gold dials are a social necessity signifying the social status of the wearer. South American millionaires prefer platinum watches flashing with diamonds. Spaniards like ornate but unostentatious watches.

When M. Hurlimann has finished his designs, they are inspected by a committee consisting of M. Jeanrenaud and all the departmental heads of the factory. Selections are made with all the care and secrecy which surround a preview at a great fashion house. Orders are then given for work to go ahead on the final choices. In due course the watches will be sent to every corner of the world, each one an ambassador from St. Imier.



A general view of the escapement workshop in the watchmaking factory in Switzerland

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